BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

Vol. IX. No. 221. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this No. see Page III. of cover.

No 627230

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Vol. IX. No. 221. Saturday, August 27th, 1910. One Penny.

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All editorial enquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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(Chairman of the Branch).

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A Meeting of Member will be held in the above Hall on

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31st,

at 8.15 p.m.,

for the purpose of electing a Committee and Officers and of formally inaugurating the Branch.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

At the invitation of the Lord Mayor, Mr. Bottomley has joined the King Edward Memorial Committee.

There are many Americans just now in Carlsbad, and the general view entertained by them is that Mayor Gaynor, who is recovering from his injuries, will be the next President. Taft and Bryan are finished, and the country wants a rest from Roosevelt. Good judges.

All is not well with the *Navy*. We italicise the word, because everybody knows, by this time, that despite Mr. Haldane's superhuman efforts, the Army is in a bad way. In a few weeks' time we shall publish an article, in the form of a story, which will, we venture to think, open the eyes, and stir the pulse, of the country.

The death of Mr. Justice Walton gives the Government an opportunity of wiping out, to some extent, the scandal of the two recent appointments to the Bench—two of the worst jobs of recent times. Who will be the new judge? What about Mr. Buckmaster, or Mr. Astbury? Surely there must be some good man available! As for Atherley-Jones, he seems to have been quite overlooked. Perhaps he has been *too* loyal to his party.

We hear, from a well-informed authority, that, by the irony of fate, the Minister who has fallen most under the personal influence of the new King is Mr. Lloyd George. It would be a funny thing if, as the outcome of the Conference——but, we forgot; no politics.

All Carlsbad is *en fête* for the birthday of the wonderful old Emperor of Austria. What a rumpus there will be when he dies! There is no George V. to follow *him*.

If the trouble between Spain and the Vatican had come 20 years ago, we would have laid odds on a Carlist war. Now, however, we are more inclined to back a Republic.

We don't like these frantic efforts to put down Mitcham Fair. It may not be precisely genteel. It may even be rowdy. But it affords harmless amusement to a great many people, as well as occupation to a number of nomads. And nomads are the most fascinating people on earth. That is why so many fashionable men and women have taken to caravans.

More stories about Don Alfonso's heroism! They are growing monotonous. *We* should like to hear an explanation of his careful avoidance of interference in the matter of Señor Ferrer's judicial murder. And how does he behave in the presence of his mother-in-law? That is the true test of courage.

The husband of the late Belle Bilton has had a varied career, and we regret that his second adventure in matrimony should have been followed by one in bankruptcy. However, he will provide Jim Crow with a new chapter in his forthcoming monograph on the Financial History of the House of Lords.

The recent cadet's case reminds us that the expulsion of boys from schools is far too frequent. It should be only the very last resort. Even then it is a confession of failure on the part of a headmaster.

"Blessed are the Poor!" The following wills were filed during the week ending August 13th:—Rev. Arthur Denne Hilton, St. John's Vicarage, Uxbridge Moor, £121,941; Rev. John Edward Alexander Inge, Gayton-le-Marsh, Lincs., £63,320; and Rev. Chas. Jas. Satterthwaite, The Vicarage, Disley, near Stockport, £49,537. We wonder if the rev. gentlemen ever preached from St. Mark. x, 25.

"Why all this fuss about Crippen?" asks a correspondent. "There was nothing very melodramatic about the concealment of a corpse in a cellar, or about the disappearance of a suspect. The stupidity of the police is not so unusual that it should make the whole world stare. The utilisation of wireless telegraphy for an arrest is novel, but the excitement began long before. The whole story would not provide material even for a detective story in a tenth-rate magazine." *Wait and see.*

Apropos Crippen, it is strange that in the mind of the man in the street Captain Kendall does not appear in the light of a popular hero. Of course, he was quite right to assist in the capture of a fugitive suspected of murder; but those long, friendly conversations savoured, to the thinking of the common man, of treachery. "Judas or Murray or any of the famous betrayers of history might have been expected to behave like that," says an indignant correspondent, "but scarcely a sailor and a gentleman." "I wonder," says another, "what his reflections were while he wormed himself into the confidence of the man he hoped to bring to the scaffold! Was he thinking only of the blood-money, or was he carried away by righteous indignation over the crime? It was a mean crime, no doubt, but I cannot altogether absolve the captain from meanness. What does he propose to do with that £250 if he gets it? I should think it would burn a hole in his pocket." We should like to hear the views of Inspector Dew. But perhaps it would not be in "the interests of justice" for him to say anything—till he gets his pension, and writes his memoirs. Then we shall be told why he let the doctor get away. As to Captain Kendall, is it not the fact that he did not know until he touched land that a reward had been offered?

Mr. Roosevelt has published, in the New York *Outlook*, an account of that walk which he took with Sir Edward Grey whilst in England, for the purpose of seeing and hearing our English wild birds in their native habitat. He gives a list of 41 which he saw, and 23 which he heard. We notice that the Oof bird is not mentioned. Yet there are people who say that that was the one the ex-President was after. And what a pity Mr. Lloyd George wasn't one of the party. He might have pointed out the goose that lays the golden eggs.

"You are summoned for driving at a *seed expeeding* the limit," said Sir C. Scotter, Bart., J.P., at Kingston-on-Thames Police Court the other day. It is such a shocking offence that we are not surprised at the magiworthistrate splittering with indugnation. But, when all is said, motorists are but men, and the mere existence of a leed spimit acts with some as an incentive to braw laking. At the tame sime, those who will ravel too trapidly must not crumble at the gonsequences. As ye row, so shall ye seap.

A Gilbertian situation has arisen in Hull, where the Chief Constables go from. Some time ago the Corporation permitted the North Eastern Railway Company to carry on its business on the town's land of the Riverside Quay, along which there has always been a public right of way, and this without money and without price. Now the Railway Company has practically blocked up the footpath with wagons, and complains of the insistence of those who wish to use it. At last the Corporation, through the exertions of Alderman Larard, foremost of Hull's public-spirited citizens, have got their back up, and the humorists will have to remove their wagons or take their chance of being injuncted. They are not averse to a little bit of fun in Hull—always provided it is not too sinful.

According to the latest photograph, the Prince of Wales is very like Winston.

The decision in the "Crown and Shuttle" public-house appeal will give the friends of Mr. Lloyd George furiously to think. It appears that the imposition of increased licence duties will make it hot not only for the trade, but also for unoffending local ratepayers; for it has now been decided that the increased cost of licences means reduced assessments for local rating. The consequence will be a loss to the rates in every locality where re-assessment is demanded by the publicans. And as local government must be carried on, and municipal and district expenses met, the deficit will have to be made up by the general body of ratepayers. Of course, teetotal ratepayers will have small reason to complain. They pay little enough towards the general expenses of the country as it is. But it will fall rather hard on the normal citizen who takes his drop of whisky or glass of beer, for not only is he called upon to pay more for his beverage, but he will be asked to also contribute to the deficit in the local exchequer. We ventured to predict this result, when the righteous, but dead, Licensing Bill was under discussion.

His Honour Judge Bacon, the great dressmaking expert, has apparently joined the Cynics. According to him, "there appears to be no age limit in lying, the aspirants to unveracity ranging in court from very small boys to quite old men." He and David may be right. Lying is a primordial instinct, elevated into a universal talent. As soon as a child begins to think he begins to ask his parents how he got here; they tell him he was found under an apple tree, or was brought in with the washing; when he is a few years older he learns that his parents were liars; concludes lying must be good for the health, like cake and pie and pudding, and straightway starts practising on his own account; and before he is dead he has lied to his sisters and his brothers, his cousins and his aunts, his grandfather and grandmother, his sweetheart and his wife, and his children, his manservants and his maidservants, his friends and his enemies, his ox and his ass, to judges and juries, to everybody to whom he has ever opened his mouth, and often to himself when he has kept it shut. But why worry and why be shocked? Even if Judge Bacon were to tell us—but no matter. As Solomon said, truth will out at times—even in politics, statistics, and affidavits.

Oh, those rates! Here is a case reported from Walthamstow. Solely as a hobby and to grow a few flowers and tomatoes, a wage-earner decided to build himself a greenhouse. It took him two years to save enough money to get the material together. But at last he had his greenhouse, 24 feet by 8 feet, and was congratulating himself on having realised the ambition and hopes of a lifetime, when down come the overseers upon him with a ten-shilling assessment. The amateur gardener was naturally not a little surprised, and he wrote to the overseers upon the matter. "Buildings, whether as hobbies or for business purposes, are liable for rating," the assistant overseer replied by letter, "and as your greenhouse is beyond the ordinary size attached to small houses the overseers considered yours should be rated and therefore fixed a 10s. assessment, a rateable value or letting value of about 1s. a month. If after this you wish to appeal send me a postcard and I will forward you the necessary papers." From which it would appear that if this man's greenhouse had been a foot or two smaller it would have escaped assessment. But are all greenhouses 24 feet by 8 feet assessed for rates in Walthamstow?

"A man is not bound to live with his mother-in-law," said Mr. Baggallay recently. We know some mothers-in-law who will be very pleased to hear it.

"I am at your country to make the holiday for one month," says a French gentleman who writes to us from Paris, "and I have the good time as you say, but the bad weather. Where get you the English summer, eh?" We can't tell monsieur where we get it, but we can tell him what it is made of, if that will do as well. One ray of sunshine to five-million-six-hundred-and-fifty-nine-thousand-four-hundred-and-two tons of water.

Sheffield has been entertaining the 62nd Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Reform Union, and the delegates have had an enjoyable time denouncing Sunday golf, Sunday fishing, Sunday excursions, Sunday trading, and Sunday entertainments. One of them, a native, arose to say that he had "visited all the shops in Gower Street and warned them he would be a swift witness against them on the Day of Judgment." But that depends on circumstances, of course. It is at least probable that he will be kept too busy explaining his own career on earth to find time to climb into the witness-box, and then there will be the cross-examination!

Though Joseph Sergent, the blind Scripture reader of Wellingborough, has sat at the bottom of Sheep Street reading his Braille and holding out his enamelled cup for years, it seems to have only recently occurred to some mean-spirited creature, or creatures, to draw the attention of the police to the fact that Joseph was there. Up to this time they hadn't officially seen him. They had turned a blind eye to the blind. Now, however, Joseph has had to move on after a nominal punishment of one day's imprisonment for vagrancy, and if he is again caught getting a living in about the only way it seems possible for him to earn one he will probably have to do seven days' without the option. He may, however, go to the workhouse, take his wife with him and become a burden on the rates, free of charge. By the way, is a blind man who reads Braille—a work of skill—in the street, even in holding out a receptacle for money, any more a vagrant than a street singer or a cornet soloist? But perhaps he might dispense with the enamelled cup.

The much-advertised craze for "caravanning" fails to appeal to us. It would be all very well in the desert, but the damp and discomfort of cooking and sleeping in the open in England must go far to discount the alleged freedom of the road. Nor would farmers' dogs always prove sympathetic even to the most romantic of amateur gipsies. If we must explore the country, let us be content with trains, steamboats and motors, which are at least comparatively expeditious and comfortable. Or, far better still, let us walk.

We do not care to smile over misfortunes, though that is often a way of overcoming them. But the following narrative, extracted we know not from what paper, is too good to be lost:—

> A shocking accident occurred yesterday morning at Kirkby, outside Liverpool.
>
> A horse and lurry was being taken across the railway line by a driver named Peter Lennard, of Boar Street Liverpool, when the grey striped vested dark striped, trousers into the vehicle.
>
> Lennard was picked up unconscious, and taken to the hospital in a critical condition.

No wonder!

At an Anti-Suffragist demonstration in Trafalgar Square a greasy, cadaverous old man was proclaiming that all government must have its basis on physical force. Behind him on the platform (or plinth) stood two gentlemen of Verona colour, beaming with memories of Johnson. Suddenly a piercing cry issued from the leathern lungs of Jim Crow: "VOTES FOR NIGGERS!" And the meeting broke up in confusion.

Here is an ingenious solution of the problem how to obtain a luxurious holiday free of cost:—

> HOMBURG—A Gentleman of undoubted social position, going to Homburg first week in August would like agreeable Companions, whom he would introduce to the best society; all expenses to be paid; and £150 REQUIRED; advertiser takes his own valet.

It would be rather amusing to go to Homburg and look out for the gentleman who is willing to exploit his friends for the sake of his hotel bill, his valet's wages, and £150 in cash.

A number of Servian officers are to have their debts paid by the Russian Government and to be invited over here for the Army manœuvres. We wonder how many of them will turn out to be murderers and mutilators, how fraternally they will be entertained at mess, and whether Sir Edward Grey will give them some signal mark of his affection.

Meanwhile we note that poor Mr. Tucker, Peter Karageorgevitch's Consul-General in London, has been in the wars again. A Hove lady having expressed doubts about his marriage lines, he brought an action for slander.

> Plaintiff's counsel informed the Court that Tucker several years ago had lived with a lady, but since that indiscretion he had married the other lady, who was with him in the tradesman's shops at Hove.

Tucker further complained that the defendant had cautioned a tradesman not to cash the cheques of Peter's representative or trust him with goods on credit. The defendant refused to apologise. The Lord Chief Justice said there was no slander, and the case terminated abruptly. Tucker had better stick to the Court of Belgrade instead of asking for trouble over here.

This, from the *South Wales Echo*, illustrates a high standard of courtesy in the Principality:—

> OFFICE Boy wanted temporarily; only gentlemen need apply.

Many of the applicants will doubtless be attracted by the tribute to their manhood. The Boy Scout movement is undoubtedly bearing fruit!

We suggest to the Rev. E. H. Pearce, the Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street, City, that he should be a little less dictatorial in his dealings with erring parishioners. Some little time ago, he was told by a young woman that one of his parishioners, a fellow of 28, was the father of a child she was about to have, and without making any sort of enquiry he assumed this to be true. He saw the man and told him that he must either marry the girl or leave the country, and go to the Colonies. Now, for good reason or bad, the man denied his responsibility in the matter, and refused to entertain the Vicar's suggestion. The rev. gentleman then went to the young man's employers and told them the tale as he had heard it, and not content with that, sent his sister also to them. Fortunately, these employers seem to be sensible people, and, in the absence of some proof of guilt, have not dismissed the alleged delinquent. We suggest to the Rev. E. H. Pearce that however desirable it may be that his flock should lead cleanly lives, his way of playing mentor leaves a good deal to be desired. His sympathy with the girl is praiseworthy, and does credit to his heart—but he must keep his head cool.

The *Morning Post* says: "In certain French circles considerable anxiety is felt as to the results of the sale of German battleships to Turkey." We should have thought that, in view of the character of Young Turkish finance, there would be still more considerable anxiety in Germany—especially in view of the extravagance of the price.

No more significant example of the unbusinesslike methods of British Governments, no matter what their party, could be furnished than that of the Army Ordnance Department, which we suggest to any playwright as a prolific field for ideas in farcical comedy. In consequence of the increasing additions which have had to be made to the list pasted in the spare-part box of Territorials working a Maxim gun, it was recently decided to reprint the list. As the military correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* suggests, all that was necessary was to send the revised list direct to the Territorials in possession of a Maxim, instructing them to paste it over the other in the spare-part box. Instead, the Department announced by Army Order that a new list had been issued, and that applicants must apply through the usual channels for same.

This is what thereupon happened: The Territorials with the Maxim had to make a requisition in triplicate. The Colonel had then to sign in triplicate. The gallant officer then had to write an official letter to the Brigadier, explaining that the requisition was enclosed. Receiving the letter and requisition, the Brigadier had to initial said requisition and forward it, with another official letter, to the Divisional Commander. When the Divisional Commander had studied the contents of requisition, and approved of same, he also had to write a minute upon it, and send it along to the General Officer Commanding. Having adjusted his pince-nez under his dome of thought, the General Officer Commanding had to read the requisition, approve of it, write another minute upon it, and forward it, with an official covering letter, to the Army Ordnance Department at Woolwich. There it had to be carefully considered and minuted some more, and in due course that spare-parts list was sent to the General Officer Commanding, who returned it to the Divisional Commander, who dispatched it to the Brigadier, who forwarded it to the Colonel, who handed it to heaven-knows-who, who saw that it was duly pasted in the box aforesaid. We have no information, but we suppose the Territorials, in order to save time, bought their own paste.

With reference to our remarks upon domestic servants and emigration to Australia, the Premier of Western Australia, Colonel N. J. Moore, who has been in this country for a little time, is good enough to send us official information from the Perth Labour Bureau, which states that applications have recently been made by respectable residents in Australia for over 250 domestic servants, and that these servants can find comfortable homes and wages at from 20s. to 25s. per week, board and lodging being included. Colonel Moore reminds us that the population of Western Australia is now about 280,000, consisting of males and females in proportion of three to one, so of course those of the "gentler sex" are heartily welcomed, not only by householders, but also by large numbers of bachelor farmers, with comfortable homes, who are to be found throughout the agricultural districts of the Colony. Of course, the Colonel knows more about it than we do. Artful dog!

By the way, the lowest birth-rate on record is reported in Preston, and Dr. Rigby has been getting into hot water in the local Council Chamber for saying that a low birth-rate was a good thing, as people were better fed and better clothed in consequence. "Thousands of superfluous children are brought into the world," in his opinion, "and they are absolutely useless and a source of nuisance and trouble." The doctor is accused of preaching a pernicious and immoral doctrine, but it is only fair to say it is merely that of the old woman who lived in a shoe. But then, of course, she didn't know "what to do"!

Probably the only thing that can be said for the waxed moustache is that it looks a bit "smarter" than a struggling lip-fringe. But the Officer Commanding the York and Lancaster Regiment at Blackdown will have none of it, and has issued an order sternly repressing this facial vanity. Whiskeritis does take strange forms! The effect has been to make him look a little ridiculous. And when one comes to think of it, there has been quite a host of these pettifogging, vexatious orders in the Aldershot Command of late. What with one thing and another, the men "soldiering" there begin to wonder if their soul is their own. General Smith-Dorrien inaugurated his reign by "trusting" the soldier; he seems to be ending it by allowing his subordinates to worry.

We weep for the new Primitive Methodist minister at Great Bardfield, if the holy flock in that place treat him as they have treated the old one. In his farewell sermon, the Rev. A. Macdonald, who has now left for Dover, gave them a piece of his mind. He told them they had kept him begging for this, that and the other most of his time. "The latest duty I have had thrust upon me," said he, "is to beg for my salary, which is now £7 15s. in arrear. Here a young minister has to beg for his stipend and considers himself fortunate and favoured if he gets it. A minister here is cribbed, cabined, and confined by crusty, crabby, cranky, tyrannical old officials and is expected to be a meek, mild, modest and model young man. The world will be better when some of them go to heaven." Possibly; but it is fervently hoped our rev. friend will touch the balance of his salary before they go. Their executors might refuse to pay.

From a Balham reader:—"A case which came before Mr. Troutbeck, the Westminster coroner, the other day, illustrates the way in which the poor are sometimes treated at our large London Hospitals. The inquest had reference to the death of the nine weeks old daughter of a cabwasher named Harris, living at Westminster. The mother stated that she awoke at 4.30 a.m. on Wednesday, August 3, and found the baby ill, and two hours later the child was so much worse that she hurried with it to the Westminster Hospital. There, she said, she was seen by a doctor, who told her that the infant was dead. Instead of telling her to leave the child, and having its body placed in the hospital mortuary, the doctor, she added, told her to take it to the mortuary, which she did." Our correspondent ascertained that the distressed mother had to trudge about half a mile with the dead infant in her arms, and he expresses surprise that the coroner did not comment on the hospital's action. But perhaps coroners and hospitals have to work together.

Here is an interesting extract from Froude's "Englisn in the West Indies," published upwards of twenty years ago:—

> The spirit of party will either destroy the British Empire or the British nation will make an end of Party Government on its present lines. There are sounds in the air like the cracking of the ice of the Neva at the incoming of spring, as if a noble purpose was at last awakening in us. In a few more years there will be no more Radicals and no more Conservatives, and the nation will be all in all.

We think these sounds in the air are becoming more distinct.

What is this we read in the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*—namely, that on board a steamship which recently sailed from Boston to Europe were a number of missionaries, *en route* for the West Coast of Africa, and 2,000 gallons of New England rum, bound for the same destination? Was the rum for the missionaries, or the heathen?

Lest any reader should think we are "pulling his leg," we beg to give the *Daily Mail* as our authority for the following:—

> The action of the Nottingham Watch Committee in censoring theatre posters is causing much comment. This week Mr. Walter Melville's drama, "The Girl Who Lost Her Character," has been censored, posters and window bills having the two last words obliterated. A little while ago "The Girl Who Went Astray" was billed as "The Girl Who Went"; and but recently a dagger in the "Monte Cristo" bills and a pistol in "The Silver King" posters had to be pasted out. The Watch Committee also decline to allow posters to be sent out on which policemen are depicted.

Never let it be denied that we are a great and free country.

One by one, the protagonists of the Victorian age are passing away. Soon there will be none left except the solemn Morley, chubby little Halsbury, and Clarke of the whiskers. Lord Spencer was at least picturesque, with his long red beard and exuberant Whiggery. And no one will refuse a tribute of admiration to his splendid courage, which he had ample opportunities of exhibiting during the troublous times of Phœnix Park. Even the Fenians admired his coolness, and he probably owed his life more than once to the fact that it would not have been a sporting act to shoot a man who exposed himself with such sublime unconcern. It is just as well that Mr. Gladstone was disappointed in his intention to make Spencer his successor, as the red Earl would not have made the mistakes of Lord Rosebery, and Whiggery would have have had a free lease of life.

We recently gave the *South Western Gazette* a biscuit. The Editor writes that "the piece of unleavened dough" belongs to the Medical Officer of Health for Eastleigh and Bishopstoke. But it is probably digested by now.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

OVERHEARD AT CARLSBAD.—Visitor (watching the wonderful Sprüdel spring): And is it always kept at that heat, night and day? Attendant: Yes. Visitor: Well, it must cost them a bit for coals.

MRS. EULL WILL HAVE HER EYE ON—

BOGUS REGISTRY OFFICER.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—SALE ADVERTISEMENTS.—No biscuits are awarded to tradesmen for announcing that a "sale price" is more than the "actual value." Nor do we encourage with nourishment advertisers who state the articles they offer to be of "no use." Both these cases prove that truth may sometimes be found, not only in an affidavit, but even in an advertisement.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 22," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

The announcement "ladies wanted for sale" does not move us to generosity.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

For stating that a cricket team "SUCCEEDED *in* LOSING" *a certain match,*

THE MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "invitations have been issued to 200 of the leading residents of the district, who with their wives will number, it is expected, nearly 500,"

THE EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that, at a recent fire, "a barn, cart shed, stable and PIGGERIES, *owned and* OCCUPIED *by Mr. Robert Kemp, were destroyed,"*

THE EAST ANGLIAN TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the notice: "Visitors are requested not to pick flowers, nor to walk on the BOARDERS,"

THE BELLE VUE HOTEL, TREFRIW (N. WALES),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Black currants are in good demand at from 6s. to 7s. A COUPLE,"

THE YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing motor-cycle tyres as "condition, front perfect, back better still,"

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE MOTOR-CYCLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising: "Feeding Bottles (HYGIENIC AND OTHERWISE),"

SHIRLEY BROS., LTD., Rockingham Street, London, S.E.
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating: "Last NIGHT *it was again fine, with brilliant* SUNSHINE,"

THE LEEDS MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For heading a report "Long Range Shooting Fatality at Matlock," and concluding its account with the statement that the victim's injuries "are NOT SERIOUS,"

THE DAILY DISPATCH (*Manchester*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the Dowager Countess of Tankerville "is a daughter of the sixth Duke of Manchester and GRAND-DAUGHTER *of the present* DUKE,"

THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the sentence "At 10.15 *a.m. on Wednesday he fell down a hatchway at his work into a cellar, and sustained a fractured skull, his death occurring the* PREVIOUS *evening,"*

THE DAILY MAIL (*Hull*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "this morning the upper part of Big Ben's countenance has been swept and garnished, and looks deadly white, and AT TEN MINUTES TO NINE *you had to put on your glasses to search for the hour-hand as for a pin in a pond, while the* MINUTE-HAND *stood proudly erect* AGAINST *the newly-washed* TWELVE,"

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

GENERAL BOOTH'S DAUGHTER DESTITUTE.

A GLIMPSE OF FAMILY LIFE.

The eldest daughter of General Booth, Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, once known as, and affectionately called by Salvationists, "The Maréchale," is in very dire circumstances—in plain English, destitute. This information reaches us from a credible source in one of the cities in the West of England, where this gifted lady some months ago was engaged in evangelistic work.

Accepting at first the statement with a grain of salt, we instituted careful enquiries, from which we have acquired a mass of information relating to the "General's" treatment of the various members of his family who have from time to time seceded from his flag. Some of it is purely domestic; but the main fact discovered affects the character and reputation of a man who stands before the world, and, on the plea that he is uplifting the fallen and helping the suffering and starving, secures hundreds of thousands of pounds of the public money. How comes it that one of his own children, and she at one time the idol of the Salvation Army, is, at this moment, so pressed for a few pounds that she has to go about the world asking friends to help her to support and educate her ten children? How comes it that when she looks towards her illustrious father and reminds him of the children that bear his name, he refuses to see them? And of all things in the religious world of England, how comes it that a woman who has bequeathed to it such a wealth of romance and such a testimony to the heroism of her sex, seems to be completely forgotten, neglected and ostracised by her own parent?

Miss Booth Goes to Paris.

At the age of eighteen the Booths despatched their beautiful and eldest girl, Catherine, to Paris, there to finish her knowledge of French and start the "Army" in that city, she having attained even at this age considerable popularity as a speaker, singer, and organiser.

Miss Catherine followed her father's example; she founded her mission in the slums of Belleville, and, like him, was held up to the ridicule of the Parisian press and the insults and assaults of the hooligan.

Under her direction the movement spread; ridicule gave place to enquiry; then respect, and finally admiration. Converts were won from the ranks of the anarchist, the apache, and the poor. She rallied them after the fashion of an army and sent them in detachments to Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Havre, and other cities.

Her Marriage.

Twenty-four years ago she married Mr. A. S. Clibborn, a Quaker gentleman from the North of Ireland, who was attracted to the Salvation Army when it was more militant and less autocratic than it now is. He rose to the rank of a Colonel and chief executive man to the Maréchale.

After their marriage they "invaded" Switzerland, and it will be within the recollection of many of our readers that they there encountered an opposition that had not been their lot in Catholic France. Both husband and wife endured persecution and imprisonment.

Driven from the Army.

The troubles of the Booth-Clibborns in the "Army" began when they discovered that it was General Booth's intention to mould its work in France on English lines. General Booth does not know a word of the French language, and has never resided in that country a week, except when doing meetings largely attended by the Protestant set. Yet he and his advisers in London over-ruled the judgment of his more experienced officers and especially his own talented and experienced daughter. The son-in-law fought the father-in-law on this question, and in doing so showed that the Quaker in him had not been destroyed by Salvationism. He developed, or re-developed, Quaker ideas; and if there is any offence under high Heaven that is mortal to General Booth, it is that of personal independence. Unless you swallow his articles of war, with their out-and-out hell-fire theology, there is no place for you in his ranks. Booth-Clibborn became a marked man, and the gentry from London did the rest. They hounded him into the worst forms of Quakerism, and the foolish man got captivated by that greatest of all religious impostors, John Alexander Dowie, otherwise Elijah II. He resigned his connection with the Salvation Army and joined "Zion," and for the sake of peace and her family, the wife followed the husband.

Daughter Resolute in Trouble.

Mr. Booth-Clibborn was not a success as a Dowieite. He fell ill. That was a mistake. A doctor was called in and an operation was performed. That, according to Dowie, was an unpardonable sin, and he was unfrocked for allowing it. From the wife's standpoint, the greater sorrow was that her husband was a cripple and unable to provide for the maintenance of his ten children. General Booth, on learning these facts, promised, with a skilful indirectness, that if his daughter would leave her husband and return to the Salvation Army flag, she and her children would be provided for. It was a severe temptation to a weak and helpless mother, whose breadwinner lay helpless.

But the woman had in her the grit of the first Catherine. She had vows to fulfil to her own flesh and blood, and, besides, she had seen the Salvation Army forsake its first principles, sink into a base form of materialism, and cover it up with the cloak of religion; and she would rather starve than accept deliverance on these terms. And starve she did. This brave apostle of Continental Salvationism has been in need of bread, and she has buried her sorrows in tears and prayers.

General Booth knew all this and did nothing except to hint and say, "There is all you need under my flag; you know my conditions; I have no children or grandchildren outside this kingdom of mine; you ought to have stood by the 'Army' and, for the 'Army's' sake, left your husband to pursue his own course."

The "General" Obdurate.

The position of affairs at the present moment is that General Booth will not even see his daughter except on these terms. He takes no interest in the welfare of the ten grandchildren. He never writes to them—not even sends a postcard on their birthdays; and we are informed that on one occasion two of Mrs. Booth-Clibborn's little girls went to see their grandpapa at the close of a religious gathering, but the grandpapa was "too busy to see them," and expostulated with his officer for allowing such an unfortunate incident to happen.

Mr. Booth-Clibborn is quite a cripple, though able to address an occasional meeting. The support of this great family, therefore, solely rests on the mother, and, from the source at which we have hinted, we learn that she can scarcely make ends meet. She is dependent on her exertions as an evangelist and the small gifts of poor friends; but now that the truth as to her circumstances is public property, as it ought to be, the public will, we feel certain, gladly undertake to do what the General of the Salvation Army ought to have done long ago—namely, see that his grandchildren have enough to eat and a decent education.

THE WHITE SLAVES OF "MORALITY."

WHAT SOME OF OUR READERS THINK.

(The articles upon this important subject, by Mrs. Margaret Macgregor and Mr. Ben Tillett, published in our issues of 13th and 20th August, respectively have elicited from our readers a great number of interesting and illumingting letters, from a few of which, representative of diverse views, we give extracts).

A Wigan working man strongly confirms the opinions expressed by Mr. Tillett. He says:—

> Women are freely justified in refusing to become mothers when they view children being rushed into factories and workshops and their life's blood sweated from them by unscrupulous capitalists who seldom or never bother about the evil social conditions or the right of the worker to live, so long as their lust for gain is satisfied and they secure their object—to turn cheap and unpaid labour into gold. Dear BULL, if you were to visit Wigan with your whip, you would require a few hundreds new lashes before you could rid Wigan of some of the most wretched tyrants the twentieth century knows. How can a mother in our district suffer the excruciating torture of child-birth and care and comfort it for long weary years, only to see its valuable life choked out of it before it attains a reasonable maturity?

The following personal experience of A. M. (Clapton) deserves attention:—

> I know of cases where the regularity of childbirth has so impoverished the once comfortable home that the sight of the children—the unwitting causes!—creates a feeling of hate in the mother and irritation in the father. These children cannot possibly have the care and attention necessary to make them reputable citizens. Yet the children still come—surely not from love. And those that are cut down early are soon forgotten.

"BARNACLE" sends us the report of an inquest held on July 19th last. The sentence we have italicised is eloquent:—

> At an inquest at Wisbech on a strawberry picker, Mary Jane Fountain, who was found dead in her bunk on the farm, the husband stated that his wife was 49, and had had 21 children. He was the father of 20 of them.
>
> On going to call his wife he noticed her lying asleep. "*It was the only time I had seen her asleep in my life,*" he added. On investigation he found she was dead.
>
> Heart failure was the verdict.

An Acton reader says:—

> Only recently one of the daily papers was asking for subscriptions in aid of a poor family where the father had been out of work about eighteen months. He had six children, and another was expected shortly. Poor wretch! Then I am told I ought to have children. Not I, if I am unable to properly provide for them, and if my wife is to live a life of misery. Not I!!—I am the sixth of fourteen, and I know how *my* mother has suffered, and how none of us children have had the kind of education to really fit us for the struggle of life—solely owing to my father's "sense of duty."

"SANITAS," a South London dispenser, writes us a long and informative letter, from which we extract the following:—

> I only speak of what I know. A married man—a family man. Too well does every line of the "White Slaves of 'Morality'" strike home to me in its meaningness, coinciding not merely in views, but in actual experience.
>
> From the very nature of my calling I have had a sight into the inner lives of the "White Slaves," which I venture to think is not exceeded by many medical gentlemen, worthy men all of them, but whose work amongst the poor is sadly hampered, ofttimes by the poor themselves.
>
> For the most part compelled to rely on the parish doctor, they do not trouble him if they can possibly help it, and certainly not in the matter of limitation. They rely upon the weird tales of certain drugs, mostly useless, many absolutely dangerous, to produce the desired cure. "Caught!" or "Copped!" is the expressive synonym that I know best, while the tales and prayers that I have had to listen to would make the hardest stone weep.

Writing from Aberdeen, and claiming to speak for Scotland, A. K. is highly incensed at our contributor's article. He bursts forth:—

> We thoroughly condemn the Macgregor who writes about White Slaves. He, she, or it must be either a Suffragette or monstrosity of some sort; as her story stinks in Scotland. We had Annie Besant in Aberdeen and her Knowlton theories, and were glad when she left. I am speaking as an experienced hand, as my 11th baby has two of family; and we are all happy. Encourage Macgregor to go to France or somewhere.

The following, from an Edmonton estate agent, also deserves attention:—

> Will you allow me to express my keen appreciation of Mrs. Macgregor's article in your last issue, under the heading of "The White Slaves of 'Morality'"? Brought, as I am, into intimate contact with the home life of over 200 of the lower working classes, I can absolutely endorse every word she has written; and I would that her article could be brought home to the working man and his wife. The expression "the holy joys of motherhood" makes one laugh when we see every dodge to avoid the inevitable and then the *unwanted* little stranger.
>
> I have 3 cases of men in precarious jobs, averaging, perhaps, 20s. per week all the year round—6s. 6d. weekly rent, with families of 8 and 9 children, and every probability of an increase, and the result—absolute misery.
>
> I have a case where every child born is afflicted in some degree, and yet the husband religiously has one every year, owing to the fact that the wretched woman, the "White Slave of 'Morality,'" doses herself in every way to "dodge it." I think that it is a national question. In my limited sphere I can see the deterioration of the race going on—drugged and gin-stunted children produced in shoals, without the slightest probability of their finding any work beyond that of the casual labourer in their later years.

"A COUNTRY PARSON" says—

> As a clergyman may I be allowed to protest against "Margaret Macgregor, M.A.'s" pernicious and immoral teaching?
>
> The artificial limitation of families which she advocates—in other words "race suicide"—is a sure sign of national degeneracy and decay. It is ministering to the god of ease and comfort and self-indulgence which are sapping the manliness and vigour of our people. Instead of humouring these evil influences by further indulgence, we should seek for sounder remedies and correctives. In spite of the lady's assertions, I can testify from my own experience as a parson that the poor can, and do still, bring up large families in health and happiness. When they fail to do this, the cause is generally to be found in improvidence, or ignorance, or incapacity, which may be largely remedied by legislation or training. At the same time, I feel very strongly that parents of large families should receive assistance from the State. They contribute to the power and wealth of the community, and therefore the community ought to help them, and they certainly are more deserving of such help than the thousands of loafers who are now receiving the so-called old-age pensions. The principle of this has been recognised by Mr. Lloyd George in the abatements of income-tax allowed for children, which he introduced into his Budget, but the amount allowed is ridiculously inadequate. The same principle might be extended to the poor and to those whose incomes are below the level of taxation. Far better that we should in this way solve the difficulty that we are considering, rather than adopt a remedy which is repugnant to the generally received dictates of morality and religion.

(To be continued.)

A BUMPTIOUS SKIPPER.

SHETLAND'S *BOMBASTES FURIOSO.*

The people of Lerwick are considerably incensed just now by a notice which has been stuck up in the Fish Market of that interesting, but remote town. The indignant populace have torn it down twice, but it has been replaced. Here it is *verbatim et literatim* :—

NOTICE.

I consider the Navigation of a great number of Steam Drifters entering and leaving the harbour to be reckless and unseamanlike, and the lives and property of others are endangered thereby. Other craft besides Steam Drifters have a right to the harbour, a fact which appears to me to be not understood by the people to whom this notice is addressed.

It is my direction that Steam Drifters are not to proceed at a greater speed than 5 knots when passing H.M.S. *Ringdove*, and are not to pass her at a distance of less than 25 yards.

ARTHUR T. BLACKWOOD.
Lieutenant and Commander,
Senior Naval Officer,
Superintendent of the Great White Herring Fishery.

H.M.S. *Ringdove* at Lerwick, August 13th, 1910.

Cock-a-doodle-ooo-oo-o!

The *Ringdove* is an obsolete gunboat commissioned to protect the Herring Fishery of Scotland. She is supposed to move from herring port to herring port on the Coast of Scotland, and see that the regulations are recognised, and give assistance to the Fishing Fleet when necessary. Instead of this, "Lieut. and Commander Arthur T. Blackwood, Superintendent of the Great White Herring Fishery," quietly lies in the fairway of the Harbour of Lerwick, except for an occasional short cruise, and expects vessels to keep 25 yards away from his "orange box," and not to pass her at more than 5 miles per hour.

We were under the impression that the Harbour of Lerwick is under the jurisdiction of the Lerwick Harbour Commissioners, and we are a little curious to know what right Commander Arthur T. Blackwood has to interfere with the speed of vessels in the harbour. The skippers of drifters are usually very careful, and considering the number of vessels (some 500 steam and 100 sail) which frequent the port, there are comparatively few accidents. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the people of Lerwick should resent what they look upon as the unwarrantable interference of a bumptious naval officer.

THOSE BANK BALANCES.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

Apropos our Bill to get a return of dormant bank balances and unclaimed properties and securities, a correspondent calls attention to the fact that the description of the House as a "talking shop" is very appropriate when Sir John Rees refers to these balances as "an absolute myth."

A London publishing company five years ago owed me a substantial sum for work done, and the account being disputed, I issued a County Court summons against the company and directors, and received, after several hearings, a judgment for the amount with costs. In the meantime the company had decided to wind-up voluntarily, but at a second meeting other creditors appeared, and it was resolved to do nothing. I found that there was lying in the bank a sum that would have paid me twice over, but a solicitor informed me I could not recover by garnishee, the only way being to get the creditors to sign a petition to the Court for a winding-up order. Owing to the expense involved this was not done, and the money remains in the bank, and is likely to remain there, as the unclaimed balance of a defunct company.

A WORD WITH THE CHURCH ARMY.

HOW A MARRIED WOMAN WAS INSULTED.

We have before us a letter from which we take the following :—

May I plead my case! I am an ex-certificated teacher, and enceinte. My husband has deserted me, leaving me totally unprovided for, having sold up the home and absconded. I have been trying for five months to obtain employment, but to no avail. I made an application to the Church Army, and was asked if I was a prostitute. When I answered no, I was told there was no relief in cases like mine.

Can it be that Mr. Carlisle instructs his subordinates to insult respectable women who apply at the office of the Church Army for assistance?

"COMMON JURYMEN."

THE COMPLAINT OF ANOTHER OF THEM.

We have received the following communication, arising out of a similar complaint which we recently published under the above heading :—

"On April 21st, 1908, I was summoned to serve for a week in King's Bench Division Court No. 3. The summons was served upon me at my address in London. I was away on business at the time in Ilkeston, Derbyshire. I wrote to the summoning officer asking to be excused. Letter *ignored*.

"Came to London, had to pay my fare, 10s. 6d.; attended Court 10.15; asked to be excused. Clerk of Court said *No*. First day not required; second day not required; but told not to leave Court. Third day, 10.15, sworn and served. Action lasted one hour and half; paid the usual fee, 1s., by usher. Fourth day, 10.15, served; action adjourned; 1.30, bread and cheese at "pub" opposite; back 2 o'clock; verdict, 2.30. The usual fee, 1s., paid. Fifth day not required, but not to leave Court. Sixth day not required. Exempt for (query) five years.

"Fare back to Ilkeston, 10s. 6d., paid by myself; represent a large publishing firm. No work, no pay.

"Total loss in salary, commission and out of pocket expenses about £5. How is this for a (query) Business Government?"

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

MR. P. R. IRISH, OF NO FIXED ABODE, INFORMS US THAT HE IS A GENTLEMAN.

Our publication of a previous communication from Mr. P. R. Irish, who, upon that occasion, as on this, forgets to give his address, has brought forth the following rejoinder. We hope Mr. P. R. Irish will not fail to send a copy of this issue, containing his indictment, to each of his friends—or, shall we say, acquaintances? That is how we get our circulation up.

I see that you have published my last letter to you, and I am sure that there are many people that agree with me. You also have the cheek to put at the heading, "A Polite Letter Writer," and you say "'P. R. Irish,' whoever he may be." Let me tell you, sir, I am a gentleman, and that is more than you are. You also try to pass my letter off with "A Postal Amenity." You try to put sarcasm on to a truthful thing, and that is one proof of the blackguard that you are.

I would not waste my time writing to you, only when you put such headings to my letter it exasperates me.

Now you have finished one of your ROTTEN articles you have started another. As I said before, you are a BLACKGUARD, VIPER, and an altogether LIAR.

There is a thing, named Mr. Bottomley,
Who's an absolute VIPER, is what I say.

FROM ONE THAT HATES AND LOATHES YOU.

THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

You may badger poor old England to the topmost of your bent,
You may serve your caustic comments piping hot;
But you may not slang the Irishman to any great extent,
And you mustn't breathe a word against the Scot.
You must speak with bated whisperings of gallant little Wales,
You must laud the magic glamour of the Celt;
There is always poor old England when another target fails
To pillory and vilify and pelt.

The Englishman is common game for laughter and abuse;
You twit him with his sluggish Saxon mind.
Of course he is conservative and stolid and obtuse,
Respectable and docile and resigned.
He's easy to intimidate, he votes as he is told,
He vegetates supinely on his spot;
With patience he is shepherded in any field or fold—
So different from the Irishman or Scot!

You find him very passive—you may twist the lion's tail;
You make him pay the piper without thanks.
He has to listen quietly to vauntings that are stale,
Of glories that are Welsh, or Scotch, or Manx.
'Tis easy to exploit him, and discreetly pick him bare—
He takes it like a simple trodden worm;
And then with subtle irony you piously declare
That he's the leading partner in the firm.

A.L.S.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LORD KITCHENER.

WHY HE IS NOT AT THE WAR OFFICE.

Much has been said during the last few weeks, in Parliament and elsewhere, about the non-employment of Lord Kitchener. The Government has been sharply blamed for allowing the most famous of our field-marshals on the active list to remain unemployed. It has been generally assumed that the shelving of Lord Kitchener is due to the unwillingness of leading officials at the War Office to have him there in supreme command. The Incapables dislike him because he has a way of getting rid of them, and the Secretary of State is glad of any excuse to keep him unemployed, since he prefers to have more pliable men in the chief commands. There is, no doubt, a measure of truth in this explanation, but it does something less than justice to Mr. Haldane. It must be borne in mind that however eminent a soldier may be, it is not always easy to find him suitable employment. There are very few positions that can be offered to Lord Kitchener. It so happens that the two greatest offices in connection with the War Office, that of the Inspector-General and Chief of the Staff, are held by men, Sir John French and Sir William Nicholson, who have only recently been appointed. No doubt if Mr. Haldane and the Government were anxious to have Lord Kitchener there, they could get him. There are always ways and means by which General Nicholson's unwillingness, or the unwillingness of anybody else, to give up his present position might be overcome; General Nicholson might, for example, be induced to accept the Commandership-in-Chief in Ireland, in succession to Lord Grenfell. But then Mr. Haldane is not anxious to have Lord Kitchener at the War Office, and his unwillingness to have him there is due to considerations which are in no way discreditable to him.

Readers of leading newspapers have, during recent weeks, seen a good deal of discussion about the relative merits of two systems of cavalry training, and the value of what is known as *l'arme blanche*. During the closing stages of the South African war it was decided that our cavalry soldiers should be trained to the belief that the rifle is their first and most trustworthy weapon. The sword became dethroned as the principal arm of the mounted soldier, and the lance was done away with except for occasional ceremonial use. But, during the last three or four years, those responsible for the training of our mounted troops have reverted to the methods and ideals that were in favour before the war, and which that war was supposed to have discredited beyond the hope of re-establishment. As showing how complete is the *volte face* that has taken place in this respect, the official Cavalry Exercises of 1904 lays down that "the sword must henceforth be an adjunct of the rifle instead of the rifle being the adjunct of the white weapon." But in the Cavalry Field Exercises of the present year, the cavalryman is told that "the rifle, effective as it is, cannot replace the effect produced by the speed of the horse, the magnetism of the charge, and the terror of cold steel." These latter instructions show that the policy as to the equipment of the cavalry, inaugurated in South Africa by Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, has now been repudiated, and that the sword is once more supreme. But if Lord Kitchener were to go to the War Office he would insist upon a return to the equipment and training with which he had so much to do in the South African war. Lord Kitchener has very clear-cut and decided views on this matter. He believes that our Cavalry should be organised—like Sheridan's troops in the American Civil War, and the Boers—to depend upon fire power and mobility, and by the use of rifle and horse to make up in any European war that we may be engaged in for almost certain numerical inferiority. Lord Kitchener holds that while the Boers were hopelessly outclassed in almost every military condition, they still were able to strain the resources of the Empire to the utmost, because they appreciated the possibilities open to such a force as was used by the Confederate General Stewart in his long struggle in Virginia, and by General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. Lord Kitchener maintains that 30,000 riflemen could cripple and confound an opposing army of a quarter of a million men—an opinion, by the way, held not less strongly by that great strategist, the late General Chesney. These views are not shared by Sir John French and Sir William Nicholson, who are responsible for the return to the practice which existed prior to the South African war. If Lord Kitchener went to the War Office Sir John French and Sir William Nicholson would have to go.

But this is not the only difficulty. Sir John French and Sir William Nicholson are not the only influential persons opposed to Lord Kitchener's theories. Another is more influential than either of these soldiers—a civilian, Lord Esher. The position of Lord Esher at the War Office is a highly anomalous and objectionable one. He is not, nor has he ever been, a soldier, a sailor, a civil servant, or Minister of the Crown. He is outside the Constitution, inasmuch as he is responsible to no department or to Parliament, while yet, without professional knowledge, Lord Esher is a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and has more to do with moulding the policy of the War Office than any man responsible to Parliament, not excepting Mr. Haldane. More, whilst Secretary follows Secretary, and in due time Mr. Haldane must give place to another, Lord Esher's position is permanent, for he has captured not only Mr. Asquith, but Mr. Balfour. It was Lord Esher who advised Mr. Haldane to offer Lord Kitchener the Mediterranean appointment. It was Lord Esher who persuaded Mr. Haldane, in conjunction with Sir John French and Sir William Nicholson, that Lord Kitchener's advent at the War Office would mean not only hopeless confusion and most unwise change in the matter of Cavalry equipment, but a very serious addition to the cost of the Army. Now it is not more certain that if Lord Kitchener went to the War Office, Sir John French and Sir William Nicholson would leave it than that if he went there he would put an end to the anomalous position of Lord Esher. The popular idea that Lord Kitchener is a very reserved man is quite erroneous. In private life he is a very outspoken person, and he has not hesitated to make it clear to his friends that if he were at the War Office he would have no man behind the scenes pulling the strings, exercising power without the responsibility of it.

It will be seen from what we have said that very powerful influences are working against Lord Kitchener's appointment, and Mr. Haldane is in agreement with Lord Kitchener's critics, the men at present in power. Rightly or wrongly, he believes that Lord Kitchener's advent at the War Office would not only mean a large increase in the military estimates—as probably it would, for 30,000 mounted men would cost money—but that he is entirely mistaken in his views about the value of Mounted Infantry. The whole situation is most unsatisfactory.

PLEA OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

BY RICHARD MORTON.

(Two more missionaries have been eaten by cannibals. This terrible tragedy is advanced as a reason for increased contributions.)

Come all ye little boys and girls,
  Come with a willing heart,
And give us all your halfpennies,
  For they and you must part.

For tens of thousands yet must come
  From folk who can't afford them;
And you, my darlings, though you weep,
  Must contribute towards them.

For, oh! what joy to think your pence
  Far, far abroad will roam,
To spread the joyful tidings there,
  Though people starve at home.

Perhaps your coin comes from the wage
  For which dad toils and sweats,
But if it did not come to us
  'Twould go in beer or bets.

Your mother, p'raps, may miss the pence,
  For money very rare is;
But what are mother's troubles to
  The needs of missionaries?

The savages we see to are
  A very heathen lot,
So pass the box around and shove
  Your off'ring in the slot.

Perhaps you're needing boots or clothes.
  But why of that make moan?
Remember that the nigger has
  Got troubles of his own.

More missionaries he requires,
  All for his good, poor sinner!!!
'Twould be so sad if Mumbo had
  To go without his dinner.

LADY DE TRAFFORD'S WATCH.

IS HONESTY THE BEST POLICY?

On April 11th, Percy Ernest Newman, of 65, Paxton Road, Chiswick, found a watch. It was a lady's watch of great value. Newman describes it as being of the size of half-a-crown. There was a large diamond on the back of it, and diamonds all round. A piece of broken chain was attached to it, with diamonds on the swivel, and a large diamond on the chain. Newman took it to a goldsmith, Mr. Veal, of High Road, Chiswick. Mr. Veal told him that it was a very remarkable watch, so remarkable that it ought to be in a museum, and he valued it at about 120 guineas. "If ever," said Mr. Veal, "you should be in a position to sell it, I will give you £50 for it."

Newman is a man for whom life has not been easy. Some 13 years ago he met with a terrible accident at a laundry at which he was employed. His right arm got caught in the machinery, and in trying to save it with his left hand the hand got horribly scalded. The arm was lost and the hand is helpless save the thumb, which is useable. Since his accident Newman has been unable to work in the ordinary way. His wife takes in washing, and he manages to take the dirty linen to her and carry it home after it has been washed. We mention these domestic details to show that there must have been strong temptation not to give up the watch to the police; but, being an honest man, Newman took it, as the law required him to take it, to Scotland Yard. When he handed the watch over he received the usual printed memorandum, which informed him that if the owner was not traced the property would be returned to him at the expiration of three months on his giving an indemnity, if required, and repaying any costs incurred in advertising. This was on April 12th last. On July 12th Newman went to the police station and was informed that no application had been made for the watch. Thereupon a constable went upstairs to get it for the purpose of handing it over to Newman, but before he could do so a police officer came to Newman and informed him that as the watch was of such exceptional value they would hold it for another three months. We are at a loss to understand by what right the police detained the watch beyond the three months, seeing that Newman was prepared to pay the cost of the advertisements.

A few days later, on July 21st, Newman received an intimation from the Scotland Yard authorities in which he was informed "that the watch found by you and deposited at this office on April 12th, 1910, has been restored to the owner, Lady de Trafford, 51, South Street, Park Lane. Newman then went to the police station and asked if any message of thanks had been received from Lady de Trafford, or any *douceur*, and he was told nothing had been received. He then wrote to Lady de Trafford, but received no reply to his letter. He then called at 51, South Street, but was informed that Lady de Trafford was out of town. He was, however, assured by the servant who spoke to him that his letter was forwarded to her ladyship in due course. Since then Newman has written again to Lady de Trafford, but her ladyship has taken no notice of his application.

We put it to Lady de Trafford, does she think this quite fair to Newman? Has she any difficulty, can she have any difficulty, in persuading herself that a poor cripple, finding a watch of rare value, and taking it to the police station, is a man deserving of thanks, and something more than thanks on the part of her ladyship? We find it difficult to believe that Lady de Trafford would deliberately leave this poor man without acknowledgment of his good conduct and something more substantial than mere acknowledgment.

We shall take care that Lady de Trafford sees these observations, and we hope soon to be in a position to tell our readers that her ladyship has done her duty by the man who found her watch.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The Secretary, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

Name .....

Address .....

27/8/'10. .....

"THE L.C.C., A DOG, AND A LICENCE"

AT IT AGAIN!

In our issue of August 6th, and under this heading, we directed attention to the action of the Surrey County Council in fining a gentleman who, under the misapprehension that a dog licence ran for a year from the date it was taken out, had omitted to take out a licence on January 1st, although he took it out directly his attention was drawn to the matter, and before the Council intervened. The Rev. A. F. O'N. Williams, Chaplain of H.M. Prison, Exeter, now sends us the experience of his wife.

The facts are briefly as follows:—One morning Mr. Williams found his wife, who was in delicate health, in a state of nervous collapse, and ascertained that the reason was the threat of legal proceedings contained in a printed document which had come by the early post from the Clerk of the Devon County Council.

It seems that in March, 1909, Mrs. Williams received the present of a dog, for which, on March 18th, she procured a licence at the local post office. She did not read the licence over, but put it away, imagining that it covered a period of twelve months from the date of issue.

The matter passed from her mind until April of this year, when Mr. Williams was approached by a constable, who informed him that his wife's name appeared on the list of "defaulters" with reference to the non-payment of the dog tax.

Mrs. Williams immediately renewed the licence. She did so on the very day that the matter was mentioned to her husband.

It may here be mentioned that no notice was received by Mrs. Williams to remind her that the licence issued to her on April 18th had expired and needed renewal.

On June 25th Mrs. Williams received a communication from the clerk to the Devon County Council in which she was informed that "the County Council have ordered legal proceedings to be instituted for keeping a dog without a licence on April 10th." The letter went on to say that the Council "have, however, authorised me to state that if you do not disclaim liability, and would prefer to settle the matter out of Court, they are willing, having regard to all the circumstances, to forego further action, provided you pay for the Summons, and a mitigated penalty of 10s."

It is difficult to speak with patience of the action of certain County Councils in matters of this sort. What earthly justification can there be for this proceeding against Mrs. Williams? What are the facts? She becomes possessed of a dog and immediately takes out a licence. She thinks, as many other people think, that the licence runs for a year from the date when the money is paid. That is a very natural thing to think, and so far as we can see it would so run if equity was the one considera ion of law makers. Why should a man pay a licence for a dog for a whole year as from January 1st, when perhaps he only got the dog at the end of November? Be that as it may, Mrs. Williams had no idea whatever that she would have to pay again until she had owned the dog a year. Immediately her mistake was explained to her she made the necessary payment. One would have thought that the Council would have been content. Instead, weeks afterwards, they issue a Summons, not for any money due, but because she has been guilty of a technical irregularity, and hey only withdraw the Summons upon her paying a sum considerably in excess of the price of the licence.

It is really too contemptible, these petty exactions of County Councils. We do not suppose the Devon County Council, as a body, knew anything about the doings of their Clerk in this matter.

THE "EMPLOYMENT ON OCEAN LINERS" SWINDLE.

In reference to our recent exposures of "H. B. Edwards," of 9, Latham Terrace, Chiswick, a correspondent informs us that his son, having sent 2s. "for instruction how to get a berth as clerk on board ship at £4 per week," and, of course, receiving no value for the money, he complained to the police, who said they had had numerous complaints but could do nothing unless someone took out a warrant. The detective he saw could only suggest that he should write to us, in the hope that we would publish another warning. By the way, Edwards publishes a testimonial from a paper called *Trade and Finance*, which he styles "the well-known and old-established trade journal." This is the first we have heard of it.

JOHN BULL'S COMING WRESTLING MATCH.

A STUDY OF GAMA.

By an Ex-Champion.

A recognised authority on wrestling, says :—

Truly Gama, the Indian wrestler, is a man for whom the most doughty exponent of the wrestling art might well feel respect. He is the best man in India, where wrestling is practised to an extent unknown and unimagined in this country. In India the professional wrestlers number thousands, and above them all Gama stands pre-eminent. He has wrestled two hundred matches, and he has never yet been defeated. He is a big man, but not so big as a score of the mat artists who have visited this country. He has the science of the game at his finger ends, and he has the quickness and agility of a panther. Though he weighs 14½ stone, he is as light on his feet as and quicker in his movements than the most nimble of featherweights ; and allied with these powers he possesses a strength that is truly Titanic. Of ground wrestling the Indian wrestler knows little. There is no need for him to know it. The rules of the game as played in the Punjaub, from where Gama hails, are opposed to the tumbling and tossing on the mat which forms so essential a feature of the wrestling to which we have become accustomed. In India a fall is obtained when one shoulder touches the ground, and it will easily be understood in how precarious a position is the man who should attempt to lie down on his chest. Indian wrestling is almost entirely stand-up work, and for that reason alone the wrestling that Gama shows is of a quickness and variety truly startling. There is no prolonged heaving and straining, none of the bridges and headspins with which Hackenschmidt and other Continental wrestlers have delighted enthusiastic onlookers. Experts have declared that until they saw Gama they did not know what real Catch-as-catch-can wrestling was. With him there is no stereotyped method of attack, no fiddling for head holds or neck-slapping, no laboured forcing of a particular grip. Clever as are the men of Cumberland and Westmorland, of Cornwall and Devon, in the offensive and defensive use of the feet, it is extremely doubtful whether the most expert could be placed level with Gama. With trips and leg hooks he will bring an opponent down with apparently the slightest effort and from the most seemingly impossible positions. An opponent having succeeded in obtaining a hold of his tremendous thigh, and having lifted his foot clear of the ground, may suddenly find himself brought over flat on his shoulders by a move impossible of anticipation. Beyond all doubt the Indian wrestlers have brought the science of Catch-as-catch-can wrestling to a point inconceivable, and Gama is a master of that wrestling science from A to Z.

Strong, scientific, filled with that confidence which necessarily is bred in a man who has never known defeat, Gama will be a revelation to those who may witness a contest. It is his heart-felt ambition to win the world's championship. That he might be afforded the chance of doing so was the only inducement powerful enough to bring him from his own country. A perfectly clean and honest wrestler, Gama will be a revelation.

THE GREAT MATCH.

More Particulars about the Stadium Contest.

The Contestants Training.

Zbysco is training hard at Brighton, with Lemm, the Swiss wrestler, as his coach.

Gama, after his Alhambra engagement ending to-day (Saturday), goes into training at Surbiton.

Great Demand for Seats.

During last week John Bull's Championship Belt has been on view at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's. It contains 24 ozs. of gold, and the well-known jewellers consider it the most artistic work of the kind ever turned out. So large have been the crowds admiring it, that extra police had to be requisitioned. Next week we hope to reproduce a photo and full description of it.

It will be on view at Messrs. Horne Brothers, the well-known outfitters, at their Fleet Street premises, No. 82, from August 29th to August 31st, and at the same firm's premises, Nos. 28 and 29, Coventry Street, Haymarket, from September 1st to September 3rd. Then it will be transferred for exhibition at the White City.

Newsagents.

Those who propose witnessing the match, in accordance with the terms in last week's issue, must send a trade-card giving name and address and an undertaking to display a small poster. On receipt, we will forward poster and seat for special enclosure as marked on plan in our last issue.

Book Early.

It is anticipated that there will be a big crowd to witness this sporting event. The demand for seats is already enormous. Here is a list of agents through whom they may be booked :—

Alfred Hays, 26, Old Bond St., W., and 77, Cornhill, E.C.
The District Messenger & Theatre Ticket Co., Ltd.
100, St. Martin's Lane.
4, Charing Cross.
Artillery Mansions, S.W.
82, Gloucester Road.
193, Piccadilly, W.
78, Park St., Grosvenor Sq.
279, Regent Street.
121, Finchley Road.
120, Leadenhall St., E.C.
4, Holbein Place, Sloane Sq.
27, Chancery Lane, W.C.
Broad Street House, E.C.
66, Queen Victoria St., E.C.
17, Sloane Street, S.W.
Torrington PlaceLodge,W.C.
17, London St., Paddington.
14?, Kensington High St.,W
3, Whitehall Court, S.W.
3, Station Buildings, South Kensington, S.W.
St. James' Court, S.W.
91, Piccadilly, W.
Hyde Park Corner, S.W.
100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
Shorter's Court, E.C.
Mudie's Library, New Oxford Street, W.C.
Shoolbred's.
The *Times* Book Club, 376-384, Oxford Street, W.
Hotel Cecil.
St. Ermin's Hotel.
Strand Palace Hotel.
Waldorf Hotel.
Holborn Restaurant.
Charing Cross District Stn
Westminster Bridge Stn.
Victoria Street District Stn.
Mansion House District Stn.
Earl's Court District Stn.
King's Cross Station, G.N.R.
Finchley Rd. Stn., L,&N.W.
Waterloo Station, S.E.
Liverpool Street Station.
St. Pancras Station, N.
Keith, Prowse & Co., Ltd., 42, Poland Street.
162, New Bond Street, W.
31, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.
148, Fenchurch Street, E.C.
47, Kensington High St., W.
34a, Throgmorton St., E.C.
83, Brompton Road, S. W.
46, King William St., E.C.
37, Sloane Street, S.W.
38, Berners Street, W.
48, Cheapside, E.C.
3, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
4, First Avenue Hotel Bldgs.
Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall.
Langham Hotel.
Hotel Metropole.
Windsor Hotel Buildings, 42, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.
Hotel Victoria.
Savoy Hotel.
Grand Hotel (vestibule).
Hotel Great Central.
Hotel Russell.
Grosvenor Hotel.
Euston Hotel, N W. (East Wing).
Ritz Hotel.
Claridge's Hotel.
Junior Army and Navy Stores, Regent Street.
William Whiteley, Ltd.
Thos. Cook & Son, Ludgate Circus, E.C.
Civil Service Supply Assen., 136, Queen Victoria St.
Cecil Roy, 15, Sussex Place, South Kensington, S.W.
91, Knightsbridge, S.W.
117, Queen's Road, Bayswater, S.W.
11, Pont Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.
59, South Audley Street, W.
8, Little Sussex Place, W., and 4, Bank Buildings, Gloucester Road, W.
Bechstein Hall, Wigmore St.
Cafe Royal, Regent St., W.
Leader & Co., 14, Royal Arcade, Old Bond St., W.
Webster & Girling, 44, Upper Baker St., N.W.
281, Finchley Road, N.W.
22, Broadway, Wimbledon.
385,Fulham Palace Rd.,S.W.
1 & 2, Victoria Parade, Surbiton.
183, High Street, Watford.
10, Frognal Parade, N.W.
55, St. Andrews, Uxbridge.
100, George Street, W.
2, Leamington Parade, N.W.
39, Baker Street, W.
139, Edgware Road, W.
1, Bathurst Street, Hyde Park, W.
8, Craven Road, W.
22, Leinster Terrace, W.
204, High St., Chiswick, W.
124, North End Road, Croydon.
Webster & Waddington, Ltd., 304, Regent St., W.
Piccadilly Hotel.
De Keyser's Royal Hotel.
Ashton & Mitchell, Ltd., 33, Old Bond Street, W.
Lacon & Ollier, 168a, New Bond Street, W., and 17, Royal Exchange, E.C.
Civil Service Co-operative Society, Ltd., 28, Haymarket, S.W.
Army and Navy Co-operative Society, 105, Victoria Street, S.W.
Dean & Dawson, Ltd., 5, Surrey St., Strand, W.C.
The White City, Shepherd's Bush.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

STRIKING STATISTICS OF STIPENDS AND ATTENDANCES.

By James Alexander.

Last year I spent a considerable amount of valuable time visiting the fifty City churches with a view to ascertaining how far they are appreciated by parishioners as well as by those who come from a distance for the purpose of supporting the clergy, and the list I have compiled will be of grave interest to many Englishmen, especially to Churchmen.

The populations, seating accommodation, and stipends are from "Crockford," although several churches, notably St. Mary's, Aldermary, St. Giles', St. Helen's, St. Sepulchre's, and Christ Church, Newgate Street, would contain many hundreds more than the figures given.

The list of attendances, accompanied by the other data, will be a revelation, including, as it does, some of the most famous and most historic of the London churches, presided over by some of the most highly remunerated clergy in the Establishment. The attendances do not include the verger, tiny children, nor the usual small but, in many instances, efficient choirs. Thus at one church (it is better, perhaps, not to give the name) there was a verger, a choir of six, a congregation of four, and two clergymen. Many of the more startling figures were verified on several different Sundays. The lower figures are absolutely correct, and those above 50 or so, though they may be out by two or three, are sufficiently accurate to establish a principle. A perusal of the list cannot fail to enforce its melancholy story:—

	Population.	Seats.	Stipend.	Attendance. M.	E.
St. Mary's, Abchurch ..	143	200	£490	3	9
All Hallow's, London Wall	164	180	580	13	180
" Lombard St.	250	300	1,267	20	30
" Barking	250	600	1,940	55	60
Christ Church, Newgate St.	378	2,500	605	8	10
St. Alban's, Wood Street	254	250	480	2	10
St. Alphege, London Wall	274	200	925	1	5
St. Andrew's, Wardrobe	1,068	800	282	25	35
" Undershaft	157	210	1,881	16	25
SS. Anne, Agnes, Zachary	67	200	570	8	4
SS. Augustine and Faith ..	390	320	386	6	4
St. Bartholomew's, Smith'd	2,773	300	1,000	80	85
St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate	1,000	1,000	3,090	200 or 300	
" Aldersgate	1,919	500	500	30	38
" Aldgate ..	6,046	800	650	50	50
St. Bride's	1,700	1,000	500	42	47
St. Catherine's, Fenchurch St.	277	250	1,000	1	1
St. Clement's, Eastcheap..	238	180	232	8	12
St. Dunstan's, W.	1,860	500	496	50	50
" E.....	262	600	399	20	36
St. Edmund's	297	300	1,350	35	200
St. Ethelburga's	100	300	465	45	50
St. Giles', Cripplegate	1,400	700	1,750	33	60
St. Helen's	541	600	1,145	11	14
St. James', Garlickhithe ..	470	300	572	8	27
St. Katharine Cree	365	500	503	25	33
St. Lawrence, Jewry	431	500	650	48	250
St. Magnus	289	400	550	10	8
St. Margaret, Lothbury ..	601	250	1,408	33	48
" Pattens	17	300	500	13	20
St. Mary's, Aldermanbury	69	300	250	7	13
" Aldermary	350	340	600	28	47
St. Andrew's, Holborn ..	2,600	850	1,000	46	92
St. Benet's	—	200	350	-6	40
St. Mary-le-Bow	201	430	1,168	12	35
St. Martin's, Ludgate	920	180	547	20	40
St. Mary Woolnoth	319	200	1,100	35	24
St. Michael's, Cornhill ..	227	250	1,300	22	70
" Royal	92	250	618	13	2
St. Mildred's	45	300	281	8	4
St. Nicholas Cole Abbey ..	350	400	825	32	350
St. Olave's	364	230	900	60	63
St. Peter's, Cornhill	120	300	900	22	50
St. Sepulchre's	2,668	850	677	50	95
St. Stephen's, Coleman ..	540	260	773	37	70
" Walbrook ..	118	400	1,271	35	40
St. Swithin's, London Stone	243	200	600	12	43
St. Vedast's	211	200	680	13	12
Temple Church	—	800	1,000	—	—
St. Mary-at-Hill	71	400	413	—	—

St. Mary-at-Hill and the Temple Church are respectively the headquarters of the Church Army and the lawyers' "cathedral."

Obviously, the population of the City on week-days is a very different thing; and on week-days, out of the 50 churches the daily services are held at a few, services for early arrivals in the City are conducted at a couple, mid-day services and occasional sermons and organ recitals are held at several, and not a few are open to the public for at least some hours in the middle of the day.

In addition to this, there exists the thorough and splendid Sunday and week-day work carried on at St. Paul's Cathedral, whose clergy receive nearly £9,000 a year, and whose zealous Bishop no reasonable person grudges yet another £10,000 a year to enable him to prosecute his devoted work.

This means that, exclusive of St. Paul's, there are 50 churches for a residential population of 33,489; seats for 22,380; combined stipends amounting to £41,419, not reckoning many rectory houses and all manner of rich dues. Thus there are two seats for every three people, a church for every 670, and average stipend of £828.

It must be noted that four assistant London bishops are partially paid from the wealth of City parishes, and that in one or two cases portions of stipends have been most righteously diverted into more useful channels, though this reform is almost infinitesimal.

But even then, let the City be compared with a parish at West Ham. Population, 30,000 (nearly equal to that of the City); income, £240, or £1 per 125 parishioners. Or another parish at West Ham: Population, 29,000; income, £616. Or another at Fulham: Population, 12,000; income, £566. Think of the City with £1 4s. 9d. per head, and elsewhere 2d., 3d., 7d.!

The patronage of City churches is vested chiefly in the Crown, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop, Colleges, City Guilds, and the Chapters of the Abbey and St. Paul's.

It is important to note that for granting the right to construct a railway beneath one of the sacred fanes the church received over £20,000; and the site of another church was sold for about £78,000; and even the Venerable Archdeacon of London "is ready to admit that the number of City churches is superfluously large. With St. Paul's Cathedral . . . we should, if we were beginning again, be content with 10. . . . The fact that there are 50 represents a state of things long passed away."

The facts and figures here given are certainly worth considering, the more so when Bishops are so rightly urging upon the faithful the necessity of raising £40,000 for the endowment of the South London Cathedral, as well as of forming and endowing dioceses and parishes wherever required for the purpose of keeping pace with the rapidly growing needs of religion.

SMITH'S HAM SCHEME.

A "HIGH" PROPOSITION.

An advertisement recently appeared in the *Telegraph* for an agent for a food. One of our readers applied, and from a person calling himself Leonard Smith, with an address at 65, Gillott Road, Birmingham, he received the suggestion that he should set up a Ham business, buy legs of pork, and cure them with some special mixture which Mr. Smith is prepared to supply. He carefully explains that the capital can be turned over "four times a year," and that starting with £400, our correspondent could in the period make a profit of £500, which is to be shared with him! Very modest indeed! But why doesn't Mr. Smith start a Ham business himself and take all the profit? We suggest that he should do this, and then communicate with us as to how his scheme works out.

SPIRITUAL COMFORT FOR TOMMY ATKINS.

WHAT ABOUT HIS BODY?

We have received an appeal for funds from a gentleman named Ralph Cromwell Gregg. He modestly sets out in his circular that postal orders and cheques should be made payable to his wife, "who has kindly consented to act as Honorary Treasurer." The appeal is stated to be on behalf of the "Soldiers' Tent Fund," *i.e.*, for the provision of a marquee in which to hold religious services. We are afraid that Mrs. Gregg will look in vain for our cheque. After the experience of the late manœuvres, we should be more inclined to contribute to a fund for providing our Territorials with water-proof capes, or supplementing the miserable rations allowed them by the War Office.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT.

By Nelson Jackson.

Right away at the back of the American mind, so far back as to be almost sub-consciousness, there is a feeling of shame in the matter of their conduct in breaking away from the Mother-country. They know, most of them, that it was done at a time when their Mother was in dire straits, and not in a normal condition. They know also, that those at the head of affairs in the time of the American Revolution were so beset by calamity as to be incapable of calm judgment. And they know that this was the time they seized (like the naughty, unruly children they were—and are, God bless them!) to throw over the poor, foolish old Motherland. True, she had made many mistakes through her servants. True, she had been much misrepresented by malcontents. True, she had acted very much as all old ladies in trouble act; and this fine, lusty young land, with the heedlessness of youth, chafing at her foolish (though perhaps pardonable in the circumstances) exercise of her parental authority, threw off its filial allegiance, and left the old Motherland lamenting.

This feeling of a very delicate and seemly shame is manifested in many ways. On Independence Day it is shown in a fierce desire to obliterate both itself and such portion of the community as suffers from it, by a timeous display of fireworks. The result desired is usually achieved. The total of casualties is annually magnificent. Enough to satisfy the most insatiable.

It is also shown in the absolute Anglophobia that dominates a large section of the populace. This group of fellow creatures, loudly, insistently denounces, with pomp and circumstance of unquotable language culled from a rich and copious vocabulary, everything English, or appertaining to that unhappy land. There is nothing we do that is right. We are "way back." But we remain calm. This very cantankerousness of their utterances, both in the Press and in speech, goes a long way to show that there is a latent desire for emulation existing in the American mind.

To come to cases. The American will tell you that English tailors are "down and out." He will draw your attention, if he knows you well enough (say half a day), to your suit, and point out its architectural defects. He will turn in a slow circle (moving in the direction of the sun), and show you the merits of his own structural surrounding. And if you have any memory, or any old photographs of your uncle George, who died in 1870, you will find that the ideas of that year are now in full blast in the Land of the Brave and Free. So you see they are gradually catching up with us.

In Art, the temperament is shown by a desire to possess, at whatever cost, anything that anybody else wants. It may be a Cuyp, a Correggio, a Murillo, or a fragment of Praxiteles; yet despite the fact that not one in a hundred thousand of these brave citizens knows or cares anything about the matter, they will feel undue elation, and express the same in vivid phraseology, when some American gentleman of dubiously acquired wealth purchases any high-priced work of art, imports it, and pays the duty on it if he cannot smuggle it into the country.

But it is when we come to the American in his hours of ease we find the very quaintest parody of our English manners (if we have any). Personally, I find the parody delicious. It is sublime to sit down to dinner with all the proper appurtenances on the table in *editions-de-luxe*, so to say. To be served with oysters or clams as only Americans know how to serve shell-fish. To partake of a soup that would have charmed Lucullus. To have a few conjuring tricks by a paid professional before the terrapin. To smoke ALL the while during dinner. To tell a story and have it received with hand-clappings between the *filet mignon* and *asperges*. To join joyously in a feverish two-step after the *sorbet*. To see the host do miracles with a tumbler of water, and not spill a drop either on him or in him. To have a coon song with the sweets, and to forget all about everything in the exquisite wines and liqueurs.

HAVE YOU YET BOOKED YOUR SEAT FOR OUR GREAT WRESTLING MATCH?

If not see the lists of agents on page 319.

TALKS WITH A TRAMP.

By Milward Ellis.

IV.—MR. HALDANE.

Essentially a lover of outdoor life, the Tramp was gratifying a professional craving in one of the many recognised resorts of the fraternity. Speaking precisely, he was resting in the Park. While thus pleasantly occupied, his attention was attracted by a rather portly gentleman of respectable appearance, who was staring in a fascinated manner across the railings.

The Tramp glanced languidly around. The only apparent object of interest was a khaki-clad territorial reclining on the grass. Association of ideas gave the Tramp a clue to the identity of the portly gentleman. He moved over towards him.

"Lorst anythink, Mister 'Aldane?" he inquired.

"Yes," returned the other, absent-mindedly. "An army!" Then the peculiar appearance of his questioner struck him, and he continued. "But I scarcely see what it has to do with you in any case. Who are you, a detective?" The Tramp laughed.

"*Me!* a 'tec? What, when I recognised yer?"

"Then what business is it of yours what I've lost?"

"Nothink very much, but I thought yer might like a 'and."

"I am, of course, obliged to you for your kind-hearted offer," returned Mr. Haldane. "But it is possible you exaggerate your abilities. Now, seriously, do you think you could recover an army?"

"Well, I'd 'ardly go so fur as that, guv'nor, but I'll give yer the nime of a pal what could. But, anyway, you've lorst other things besides an army."

Mr. Haldane dived into his pockets (which, of course, is not to be taken too literally). "Eh? You don't say——"

"But I *do* say!" burst out the Tramp, dropping his technical jargon. "You've lost an army? Aye! but the nation finds that when it's wanted; but will you ever regain your losses—your opportunity, your reputation, your name? You may start, but did it never strike you? Do you recollect the position you held? You, when the Government came into office, were one of the few men on whom all relied. You, who were to place the War Office in a state of satisfaction: the man on whose broad shoulders fell the discredited mantle of Bredrick and of Arnold Forster: the man who was to stop the stupid tinkering with the Army, who was to do something more to our liking than the designing of a fool's cap that was the jest of a decade: and now, when your opportunity is nearly gone, as what are you regarded?

The Tramp paused for breath and the War Minister took an unfair advantage by intruding.

"But, really, I'm not the nation. If they won't have armies, they won't; I can't help it. The national spirit has gone; it went out with the South African War."

Unfortunately, just then the Tramp recovered his breath.

"Well is it with the man whose conscience acquits him; but have we each no fitter judge than our biased selves? Were we all tried by judges of our own appointing, who among us would stand condemned? No! Time and the people judge us by the permanence of our achievements. And so, do they not set you with the men who failed?"

Mr. Haldane entered a protest.

"I care nothing for the disapprobation of the ignorant. There is but one sure test, the test of war. That alone decides the efficacy of a military organisation.

"But of whom did you speak when you mentioned a friend—a pal, I think you called him? Is there an army of you?"

"An army? I should say there is. God knows it's an army that would daunt many people. When one looks at the raw material from which your citizen army is to be formed, there's not so much to cavil at in your abortive efforts. Men may be less than just who place your failure to personal faults. There's many a war that's lost and won by a narrower margin of men than tramps our streets to-day.

"But you ask for the name of the man who could help you—why, he's a man you know yourself, a man who isn't wanted, fit only for the unemployed. A lawyer? A politician? Good heavens, no! *A soldier*—Lord Kitchener."

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

Once upon a time I knew for certain that I should be Prime Minister of England at a very early age. Not perhaps quite so soon as Pitt, because I did not see how I was to enter Parliament on my twenty-first birthday. Anyhow with meteoric celerity. So far, you will be surprised to hear, the happy event has not occurred. A purblind public persists in ignoring my transcendent merits. We must wait and see.

Gradual Disillusion.

That is not the point. I want you to consider whether disappointments are more grievous when short and sharp, or when long-drawn out. Take the case of my Premiership. I remember hearing a man say he was twenty-eight. I felt positively unhappy for him. I longed to stroke his back and bid him cheer up. All through dinner I treated him with that tender deference which is due to the bereaved. "Good Lord," I thought to myself, "how terrible would my feelings be if I had reached the mellow age of this poor wretch without even crossing the confines of celebrity." Yet, when I came to be twenty-eight, I still thought myself young. At thirty-eight I whistled up my courage and pretended I was younger still. At forty-eight I was in the prime of life and recalled stories of careers triumphantly inaugurated at sixty.

Sudden Shocks.

The fact is, nothing can be really painful if it be sufficiently protracted. It is only after a bad dinner (or a very good one) that you take serious stock of life and confess yourself a failure. In the same way, I suppose, you may suffer from creeping paralysis and never worry so long as it creeps quite sluggishly. But a sudden stroke is as horrifying to the ambitious as it is to the diseased. Suppose I had been building up prosperity with both hands, commanding the confidence of constituents, refusing undersecretaryships, cheating the Devil in every way. What a shock to lose an election, or go through the Divorce Court, or develop delirium tremens, or otherwise invite oblivion at the very tick of the Hour of Power, on the very threshold of immortality.

Antidote or Anodyne.

But the truly brave Crow is indifferent to all the storms of fate, whether they be continuous cataracts or sudden squalls. Sometimes he feels he is like a fly walking up a window and being blown back every time he climbs halfway. But he never gives up hope of reaching the top some fine day, and spreading his wings in the glorious sunshine of popularity. He always remembers the words of the wise men of the East: Our Fate is about our Necks. He knows that, though Adversity may menace, though friends may prove false, though winter may seem very long, all is preordained, all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. *Mektoub:* it is written. I have spoken.

Delusive Damsels.

After these pretty sentiments, whereby the faithful (and the bibulous) are elevated, let us proceed to consider some of the more fleeting disappointments of life. Take women, for instance. With one rare exception, they are all Dead Sea Fruit. Of course, I know very well that they are beings of a superior organisation, mystical, inscrutable, all glorious within. But put them on the mundane plane, consider them as companions, regard them as ratiocinators: they are very small beer after the first three weeks. They illustrate the monotony of monogamy. Who has not watched a young man making an ass of himself with long, lingering looks and deep-drawn sighs, and then noted the very different countenance when he is confronted with a stern, horsewhipping brother or surrounded by swarms of squalling brats? I praise Allah that I am a Quietist.

The Weariness of Wealth.

Some suffer disappointment because they do not grow rich rapidly. Believe me, money is not all beer and skittles. How few really know how to spend! Then there are the responsibilities of riches. What care must be taken to avoid encouraging the worthless and helping them on the downward path! And the more care you take, the more like you are to be accused of meanness by them of little faith. Even if you have mastered the whole philosophy of wealth, your horses may run out, your daughters may run away, your health may run down. Not even Adam Smith can prescribe for a broken heart. Money is a disappointment and I thank the Prophet that Poverty has been my helpmeet.

The Wantonness of Time.

Many have sought consolation for disappointments in the fruit of the grape. This seems to me childish. A carouse with your friends by all means, for it is only polite to give them the highest of your spirits. But any tyro will tell you that Alcohol is not a trusty supporter in time of trouble. He is very plausible at first, but the longer you coquet with him, the less potent does he become. You can have too much of a good drink. Now, if some one would discover an elixir, whereof a Rehoboam would exhilarate more than a Jeroboam, a hogshead comfort more than a kilderkin, I would drink for ever and ever. Alas, strong drink is a mocker, and I hymn Bacchus that I am (almost) a teetotaler.

False Friends.

One of the hardest disappointments to be endured is misplaced faith. Not so much because it destroys your belief in human nature. Probably you never had any. But it makes you look a fool. If you lend some struggling journalist £20 to extricate him from disaster, and the only return is that he blackguards you in his trumpery journals, no one sings your philanthropy: you are simply a bad judge of character. If you patronise some old fool in a gutter or a gambling-hell, make a friend of him, confide in him, and then find him blurting your secrets with malice on the house-tops, you reflect sadly over the innate ingratitude of stillborn minds. But the verdict in your case is *felo de se*, which, being interpreted, savours of Serve you Right. In all such cases I endeavour to recall the apophthegm of the Feast of the Virtues, when it was necessary to introduce Gratitude to Charity—for they had never met before!

Expect Nothing.

Anticipation is the Mother of Disappointment. If you had never read the glowing gush of descriptive historians you would be left quite unruffled by the discovery that Rome is chiefly composed of ragged ruins and stupid stucco. If poets had not bedizened the Rhine you might hurry over that sorry cesspool with scarce a sigh. If pedagogues, ciceroni, Baedeker, Ruskin, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, all the crew of critics, whose only criticism is praise, all the herd of blind guides, all the lazzaroni of literature—had never been born, you might have liked Leonardo in a sort of patronising way, tolerated the silly simplicities of Raphael, seen something in Venice besides the pigeons, at least learned to eat risotto like a man. But when you are told a thousand times that something is going to be wonderful, marvellous, transcendental, you are revolted to find only green cheese, even though it be the very best Gorgonzola. Blessed are they who expect little, for of such is the Kingdom of Content.

The Climax of Chagrin.

hope I have now said enough to reconcile you to the rare occasions when you rush breakfastless to the bookstall with the pickings of the child's money-box, tear open John Bull, with your temperature at 104 deg., fumble and refumble the pages, only to find that Jim Crow's masterpiece is absent. Comfort ye. There shall be bulbuls. I may still sing again.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

THE JOHNSON STATUE.

(In the Churchyard of St. Clement Danes, Strand, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has unveiled the Johnson statue, his own gift and handiwork.)

Way down in Darktown there's a bully hot time now;
Joy is enthroned upon each happy ebon brow,
For though still barred are pictures of the Reno fight;
News has been cabled o'er that sets the matter right;
And coon, when meeting coon, now laughs, and cries;
"Gee-whizz!
Ain't England just the sweetest nation that there is?
A coloured gentleman gets honoured in that land—
They've put a statue up to Johnson in the Strand!"

A RUM CHOICE.

(It is said that some shipowners insist ton sailors being branded before signing on.)

Poor Jack is branded in a foreign port;
He hears the mournful news, and he is glum.
"*Brandied!*" he mutters, "t'ain't a seaman's sort—
If I must fill up, let me stick to *rum!*" Ricardo.

THE NEW BOSWELL.—VI.

EDITED BY W. M.

THE ALFONSO AFFAIR.

The other evening at the Mitre Tavern Dr. Johnson had a fancy for a snack of bread and cheese and an onion.

"See that the onion is English, Charles," he said sternly.

"Yes-sir—cert'n'y, sir," replied the long-suffering servitor, hurrying away. The next instant he returned, consternation writ large on his face.

"Very sorry, sir—no English onions—all Spanish."

"Spanish be d——d!" roared the Doctor, pounding the table with his fist, "I will not have it. An old proverb says 'Nothing good comes out of Spain,' and I believe it."

"What about port wine?" I ventured to murmur.

"Sir!" shouted the Doctor, "go back to your geography—Oporto is in Portugal."

"Er—yes; quite so," I stammered. "What I really meant was nuts—Barcelona nuts, you know."

"Sir," growled Johnson, "nuts are monkey food, eminently suited to the Spanish and other dark-skinned bipeds. You probably have some in your cheek now."

I was about to protest strongly against this unwarranted insult, when a young man entered the room, with an open mouth and a Homburg hat.

"Spain," continued the Doctor, without noticing the newcomer—"Spain is the most backward country in Europe. In its present condition it is a menace to civilisation."

"Hush!" I said, warningly. "King Alfonso!"

"Sir," cried Johnson, "he may be the King of the Cannibal Islands for what I care. I will eat no Spanish onions, and there's an end."

"Señor," murmured the newcomer, "I salute you. *Alma de esparto y corazon de encina.*"

"*Smacko de boko*," replied the Doctor, derisively.

"I am the King of Spain," said Alfonso, drawing himself up proudly; "I cannot hear my country, my language, and my onions insulted."

Dr. Johnson was somewhat taken aback. A confirmed old Tory and strong royalist, he was fain to succumb to the subtle influence of sovereignty.

"Your Majesty," he roared, softly, "I had no idea you were the King. I thought you were the new waiter. How is it that your Majesty has left Spain at such a time?"

"That *is* why I have left it," declared Alfonso, candidly, "because of the critical time. Also to play polo."

"But how do your people like your running away to England when they are on the verge of what might prove a sanguinary intestine war?" demanded Johnson.

"My people? The English are my people. Is not the Queen, my wife, an Englishwoman?" expostulated Alfonso. "I must be assured of her safety before I tackle the problems which confront me in my own country."

"Your Majesty is kingly indeed to shelter yourself behind a woman's petticoat," growled Johnson, scornfully; "already Spain is crying shame on your frivolity. The Spanish press is charging the English with corrupting your Majesty's morals—with sapping your Majesty's Catholicism with dangerous Protestant heresies. Whilst the Pope of Rome hurls his thunders at your government, you amuse yourself with playing polo at Eaton Hall. Whilst San Sebastian is seething with dangerous discontent, you sit, shaking with laughter, watching a burlesque representation of a Spanish bull-fight. Sire, it is said that Nero fiddled while Rome burned. If you emulate his indifference you may unwillingly imitate his end."

"I did not come here to be lectured," said Alfonso, blandly, lighting a cigarette. "I came to enjoy the privilege of a chat with the renowned Dr. Johnson."

"It is the same thing, your Majesty," I interposed.

"Sir!" roared the Doctor, turning swiftly upon me, "Your hereditary taste for Barcelona nuts gives you no right to intrude your speech upon the King of Spain. Have the goodness to go on munching in silence."

What could I say or do? In the presence of the King I was forced to suppress my righteous indignation.

"*Are* you fond of Barcelona nuts?" asked Alfonso, kindly. "I will send you a sack."

Then, under cover of the Doctor's gargantuan laughter, his Spanish Majesty took his leave.

I also would have gone, but there remained some punch in the bowl.

A VOICE FROM INDIA.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM A CASUAL READER OF "JOHN BULL."

The problem of how to govern our great Indian dependency is one of enormous difficulty, but we think the following letter will be read with interest:—

Although I do not know you it is a pleasure to me to let you know how much I enjoy and honour your paper. Making a long journey I picked up this week two issues at a railway bookstall and, by the way, it may amuse you to know our belated facilities in the "Golden Strand" when I tell you I could get nothing more recent than May 14th-21st. I could have also got *Tit-Bits* of last Christmas and the *Lady's Realm* for January!

Your "straight" speaking on all sorts of abuses is as delightful as it is refreshing. *How* refreshing in this country of a gagged press you cannot realise. When you read of "Sedition" in India, be sympathetic, and be not surprised, for in very truth revolt is not without reason. The real reason is official injustice and arrogance. Officialdom rules the land, and high-flown speeches of "ruling in righteousness" are fudge and shameless humbug. Imagine that a fearless paper such as yours would mean here confiscation and gaol for editor and owner. Imagine that no meeting can be held by freeborn Britons to discuss oppression, under penalty of instant imprisonment. Two Englishmen cannot criticise an official on the street in a policeman's hearing without being "watched" henceforth. An energetic, fiery Englishman, a close friend of mine, simply writhes under the iron heel of official despotism—and no use beating your head against a stone wall. Because he held a public meeting to expose official corruption and injustice he is a marked man at the Foreign Office, and is persecuted in a score of covert ways. You may say, why not air these matters in the radical press? My dear sir, no paper will print a letter exposing an official, however clear the data. Naturally, a paper cares not to risk its living. The oracle of Allahabad, the *Pioneer*, the leading, *i.e.*, the official, paper of India, has frequently accepted my literary articles, but if I write on public abuses, on favouritism, on jobbery, they will have none of it. Oh, for a JOHN BULL in India! Oh, for a touch of the living finger of a living God to burn out corruption and injustice!

As for missions, I endorse every word you say, page 1, bottom paragraph, May 21st. Next to Government mal-administration they are the biggest frauds in India. Mission work is purely a career—male and female. A few genuine, noble, splendid exceptions there are among some who do honorary work, such as an Oxford undergraduate I know, an extremely capable man, but he is *sincere*—he takes nothing from missions, but gives his life and income to Christianising the "heathen." (There are no "heathen," by the way, as people at home fancy.) In short, as you beautifully say, true religion may find work at home while there is the hungry little child to feed.

Pardon me if I have used too much of your time—but it cannot, I hope, be unpleasing to you to know that in the Far East another heart responds to your noble efforts in truth's cause, and says, God speed you.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Great echo of the past! Strong, noble Life—
Gone forth to wear the crown that God shall give!
O thou who knew the hell of martial strife,
The anguish and the pain of war, shalt live
For ever thro' the course of changing years,
Enshrined in heart of soldier and of tar.
Thy deeds of loving mercy, wrought in tears,
Shall keep the golden gates of hope ajar.
Sweet lady with the lamp, thy work is good!
Of such as thee this sorry world hath need;
True type of fine, heroic womanhood!
The cry of all is—Give us more, indeed;
Of women who are women, gentle, great—
With hearts too full of love for room to hate.

NELINA MACKENZIE.

"RATTLE HIS BONES OVER THE STONES."

GUY'S HOSPITAL AND A DYING PATIENT.

In many ways Guy's Hospital has come into an unenviable notoriety. Its latest exhibition in the limelight of a coroner's court involves its treatment of a dying cancer patient—treatment which we have no hesitation in saying is inconsistent with humanity, and inconsistent with the right conduct of a hospital, supported by voluntary contributions, for the benefit of the poor. Richard Lees was a Camberwell upholsterer who had suffered from cancer since May last. On the advice of his doctor, he was sent to Guy's on Thursday, August 4th. On the Tuesday following he was placed in the strong room for reasons connected with his malady, and during the day a nurse asked the man's wife to take him away that night. The woman pointed out that she could not possibly manage her husband at home, and that if they could not do with him at the hospital she would have to take him to the infirmary, but could not do so that night. "You must come for him as early as possible in the morning," said the nurse, "because it is a great expense to the hospital and we have to have a man for him." . Thus pressed in her trouble, the woman sent the next morning to take her husband away. He was then in a dying condition. Assuming that he had been properly attended and examined before his departure, the nurse and the medical staff and the Secretary must have known him to be in a dying condition. Yet they did not even order the ambulance for him. They took no notice when the wife expressed surprise that she was to take him away as best she could. But somebody among the staff, speeding the parting guest, gave her half-a-crown for a cab fare; and in the cab Richard Lees was driven to Camberwell Infirmary. This is the statement of his widow before the coroner. Neither the nurse nor anybody else came from Guy's to contradict it. As to the remark of the nurse about the expense, Dr. Pavy, of Guy's, admitted its having been made. "That was an unfortunate remark," he said. Dying when he left Guy's, Lees was almost dead by the time he arrived at the Infirmary. "I do not think the man ought to have been removed from hospital, as he was in a dying condition," was the evidence of the medical officer. "I should expect a severe reprimand if I had turned out such a case." We should think so. And he would deserve it. But if he were at Guy's it looks as though he would qualify for a testimonial, or, at the least, a note of special thanks on the minutes.

Apart from all else, it is evident that Guy's suffers from a sloppy system of management. One would suppose that when a patient has to be removed from the hospital, formal intimation would be given to the nearest relative by the responsible secretary or, at any rate, by the doctor in charge of the case, acting on his instructions, for even a staff doctor would not be allowed to turn out a patient how and when he pleased. But that is not the way they do things at Guy's. The Governors, Secretary, and the medical staff apparently all shunt their responsibility on to the nurse, or delegate their authority to her, and the nurse goes up to the wife of the dying patient and says in effect, "You must take him away. *We* can't stand the expense. *We* have had enough of him. *We* find it cheaper and less trouble—though he would probably be dead in a few hours in any case—to give you half-a-crown to clear him out in a cab. It may rattle his bones a bit, and it is true that as we have had him in a strong room in charge of a man we don't know what he may do when *we* turn him out in charge of a woman. But *we* cannot spare an ambulance. It won't matter to you whether he dies a few hours sooner or later, and it does not matter at all to *us*. See that you are round early in the morning." And early in the morning he is bundled away as the nurse, the "sister," has directed, with the Secretary at the door—the man's widow says she thinks it was the Secretary who gave her the coin—giving official sanction and patronage to the proceedings. The coroner described them as "strange." We stigmatise them as brutal and callous.

HAVE YOU YET BOOKED YOUR SEAT FOR OUR GREAT WRESTLING MATCH?

If not, see the list of agents on page 319.

YOUNG MOORE'S MONTHLY PROPHECY.

SEPTEMBER.

Having peered into futurity by the aid of the usual astrological implements, Young Moore has no hesitation in prophesying for September many important and interesting events. In the first place he is prepared to stake his reputation as a prophet on the prognostication that the month will consist of thirty days, some of them wetter than others.

On the first, owing to the fact that Venus will be in conjunction with the moon (and if any reader doubts this he may go there and see for himself) salmon poaching will commence. That is to say, the close season for salmon will begin. On the same day the close season for partridges will end. In these two facts may be seen a beautiful dispensation of Providence, as expressed in the Game Laws, namely, that some prey or other is provided in due season for sportsmen. Forbidden to slay the silvery salmon, he is instantly compensated with permission to pot the partridge.

On the 8th the annual party struggle will commence. Political agents of all colours will perjure themselves in the endeavour to get their own unqualified partisans on; and their opponents' qualified partisans off, the Voters' List. Put tersely, the Revision Courts will commence to sit.

On the 10th will take place the greatest event of the month. Early in the afternoon of that day crowds of people will converge towards the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush. By 4 o'clock every seat that provides a view of the vast arena will be occupied. Tense suspense will hold the mighty audience in a thrilling grip, as two of the world's greatest athletes advance to the mat, to contest thereon the World's Wrestling Championship, and strive for the right to wear the JOHN BULL Belt. Vainly has Young Moore searched the stars in hopes of learning upon which of the two contestants, Gama and Zbysco, victory will fall. This knowledge has been denied him. He, as well as the rest of the world, must "wait and see."

But if the stars are cold and irresponsive in one direction, they are willing informants in another. The 29th, they say, will be Quarter Day, and, according to the moon's motions, there will be "low water" throughout England.

'CARISBROOKE CATERERS.'

In connection with our paragraph on this matter, we have received the following letter:—

> With reference to "Carisbrooke Caterers," which I read with much interest in your most excellent paper, I may point out that on one occasion a petition was sent to H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg asking her to abolish catering of teas at the Castle, as it very much affected the welfare of the villagers of Carisbrooke, who (in the catering trade) depend upon the visitors during the summer for their livelihood. This petition was entirely ignored. I think this a great shame. We are looking forward to welcome our new Deputy Governor for the Island, who will shortly take up his residence in the Castle, and I think that by "airing our views" to him he will certainly not do anything that would injure the welfare of our historic little village.

SOME REJECTED SUGGESTIONS.

SENT FOR "BISCUITS" AND PRINTED HERE AS A SOLEMN WARNING.

"That night, at four o'clock in the morning
"He earned 8s. a day as a night-watchman."
"The occupants of the house are abroad at present."
"The things were stolen from an empty house."
"His wife was the better man."
"Evidence showed that deceased was still breathing though unconscious."
"Visitors will find 4 billiard tables, newly covered with civility and attention."
"A concert was given at Hope Hall on Wednesday week."
"Wanted, a General with no family."
"He was suffering from inquiries to his neck."
"Death of . . . . only surviving son of . . . ".

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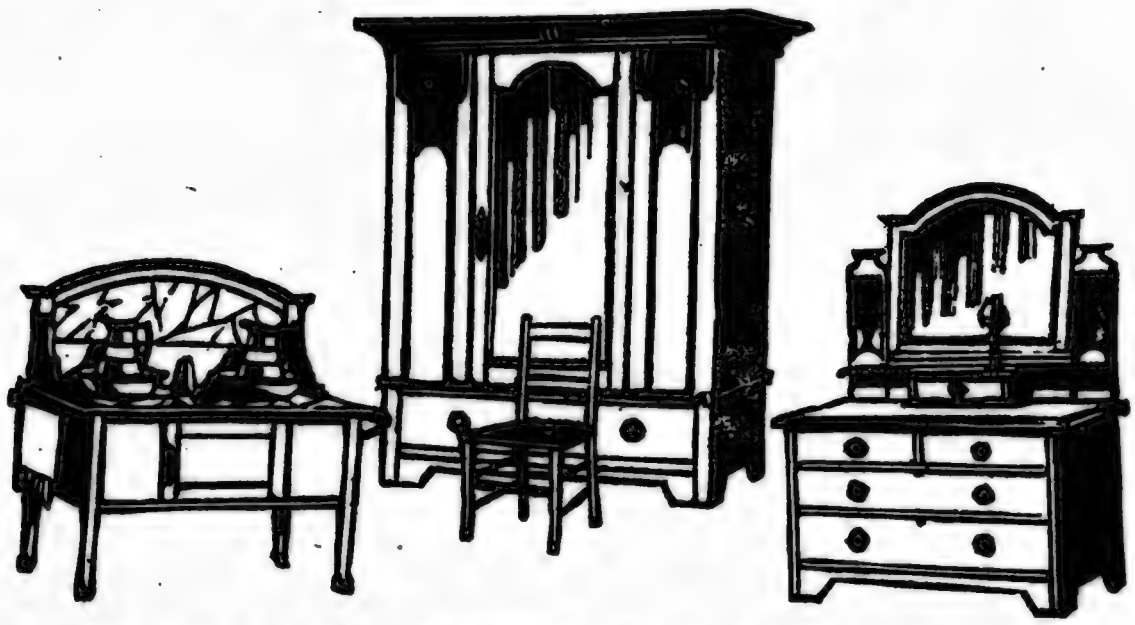
GRADUAL PAYMENTS. Anything that we sell may be purchased on our well know system. The Payments are spread over one, two, or three years, and there is no extra charge or added interest whatsoever. We require no deposit. For cash we allow a discount of five per cent. Our general terms are shown here :—

Worth £	Per Month £ s. d.	Worth £	Per Month £ s. d.
10	6 0	200	4 10 0
20	11 0	500	11 5 0
50	1 8 0	1,000	22 10 0
100	2 5 0	2,000	45 0 0

Any amount pro rata or by other proportionate payments if desired.



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SECOND-HAND DEPARTMENT. Our second-hand department will more than bear comparison with any other. A special booklet is issued, and will be sent post free upon request.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To Walter Rose, Hersham.

Brute,—You were recently fined £3 for beating your dog to death with an ash stick. As I consider the punishment absurdly inadequate I take this opportunity to add to it by relating the circumstances of your offence for the information of the readers of my journal. According to your own statement, you lost your temper with the dog—not because it had made a ferocious attack upon anyone, or had stolen your Sunday dinner; but for the simple reason that it had committed the not uncommon canine crime of straying. Therefore you grasped an ash stick in your cruel hand, and belaboured the poor, defenceless animal until it dropped dead at your merciless feet. You fractured its skull and jaw, and covered its back with a mass of clotted blood. For this delectable piece of amusement, you were called upon to pay £3. It is not enough. No amount of money would be enough. Such men as you are not fit for the company of the scavenger dogs of Constantinople, let alone of decent men and women. Your proper place is amongst the noisome, unclean things of the earth, and if the inhabitants of Hersham have any self-respect they will avoid your loathsome company in future as they would that of a leper. You may reckon yourself lucky that I was not on the bench. A man who can so treat a dog deserves the "cat."

John Bull.

To Superintendent White, County Police, Arundel, Sussex.

My Dear Policeman,—So far as I am able to recall, you have not been through my hands before, and I have nothing against you. I am disposed to deal with you leniently. Consider yourself severely birched. A man of your police experience ought to know his business. Know then, sir, that you have been doing yours in the wrong way. The cases in which you were concerned the other day show this clearly enough. A young groom was charged with stealing a cigarette case from his mistress, who had missed it from the pocket of her jersey. What had happened? According to your own statement in the witness-box, the lad was brought to the police station, where you at once commenced to search him without any charge being made and, said you, "I did not ask the accused anything about the missing case before searching him." Having found the cigarette case upon him, however, you told him it belonged to his mistress, and the lad at once replied, "Yes, I found it in the cart." Probably you were rather surprised that the Bench took a sensible and just view of these proceedings, and dismissed the charge. "The lad might have found the cigarette case that morning and have had no opportunity of returning it," said the Chairman, "and he was examined by the police without being warned. I myself might have something in my pocket belonging to one of the other magistrates on the bench which I have had no opportunity of returning. If searched that way, I might be charged." This was a nasty snub to you, sir; let it also be a lesson. Do not imagine that because you are a Sussex policeman you are entitled to disport yourself as if you were under orders from Little Nicky of Russia. Take my advice and do the work of a British Superintendent of Police in a British way—in the usual British way, I mean; or one of these mornings you will tumble off your high eminence and seriously hurt yourself.

John Bull.

To Mr. Enoch Lawton, Newport, Monmouth.

Sir,—I have been waiting for the writ you kindly promised to send me after my comments on the humbug and insolence with which you supported your refusal to close your premises on the day of the late King's funeral. I now notice that your latest exploit has taken the form of chalking on the pavements, contrary to the bye-law in that behalf made and provided; and that the magistrates, having mulcted you in a fine of ten shillings, with the alternative of seven days, you expressed your intention of doing the seven days. You threatened to write to the Home Secretary informing him that you do not recognise the bye-law "because it has not been signed by a responsible statesman." Pray accept my assurance that this does not excuse an irresponsible tailor from obeying it. However, I suppose you are out again by this time, and I can only hope that the restraint has been beneficial.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Christopher Hudson, Vicar of Sutton Cheney, Leicestershire.

Reverend Sir,—Although I have long been an advocate of a change in the law of divorce, I confess I have some difficulty in appreciating the grounds on which you contest the Inhibition served upon you by your bishop. Nor has it ever occurred to me that there was such an easy way out of marriage as the one you have so brilliantly discovered. For what reasons your wife deserted you and left you in sole guardianship of her son and yours, I am unable to say; but what is clear from your own version is that she remained away from you for five years, and that on July 9th last, after an arrangement made with her "in the presence of witnesses, after the Scottish manner, in a private house" in Hinckley, you brought to the Vicarage a French lady who has since been living with you as your wife. A ceremony of this kind, where there is no impediment, is a legal marriage in Scotland, however; and I have yet to learn that even in Scotland a marriage *per verba de presenti* is lawful where one of the contracting parties has a wife living. Your defence is a muddle of sophistical argument. You have done what you know to be illegal. You are well aware that this lady is not your wife, that she has no legal claim on you, that you are at liberty to turn her out of your house at any moment, and that she is at liberty to leave it. I will not labour the fact that the example you have set and the doctrine you preach are not to be tolerated in a clergyman. I have no doubt that Smyth-Pigott, of the Abode of Love; can also justify himself in the Scotch fashion; to wit; by the sort of marriage known as marriage by promise *subsequente copula*. I have sympathy with those who make unhappy marriages; much more with those who endure them. But you, reverend sir, do not assist the advocates of a change in the law. The law you have made for yourself is not a law for the lady now living with you as your wife. Your offence is flagrant, and I hold your bishop justified in inhibiting you. I am in no doubt that the courts will support him.

John Bull.

To the Chief of Works, Pentecostal League, Perth.

Sir,—I have my eye on one of the members of the Pentecostal League. The neighbours are saying that while she sings hymns at your meetings and stands at street corners, explaining that she is saved, she is neglecting her children, one of them only a few months old. A few evenings since her 8-year-old son was seen to go along the street to an ash basket, pick out two pieces of withered rhubarb and take them into the house to eat. The "cruelty man" has called twice at this Pentecostal lady's house, I may tell you, and my suggestion to you is to have it borne in upon her to be a little less enthusiastic about saving the souls of other people and a little more enthusiastic in looking after the bodies of her own little ones. Too much Pentecost is likely sooner or later to get her into serious trouble.

John Bull.

To the Rev. W. Morgan, Chairman of the Bangor and Beaumaris Board of Guardians.

Reverend Sir,—I note your remarks about the excessive consumption of tea in your county, and agree with you in preferring beer. But I hope you do not mean to prohibit both. I have always fancied that as soon as the teetotalers have had their way with alcohol, they will start a campaign against tea and coffee. After juvenile smoking, even sweet-eating may be taboo. The logic is just the same. Some children eat too many sweets and ruin their digestions. There is a temptation to eat too many sweets. Let all sweets therefore be forbidden, under the most awful pains and penalties. Q.E.D.

John Bull.

Hall Caine, Novelier, Greba Castle, Isle Man.

Seen your statement. All things point conclusion that for one woman there shall be only one man. And even one's a crowd for most women, don't you think?

Bull.

Dr. Hicks, Bishop of Lincoln.

If true you are to be initiated Royal Napier Lodge, what an odd fellow you will be! Bull.

Ernest Barry, The Zambesi.

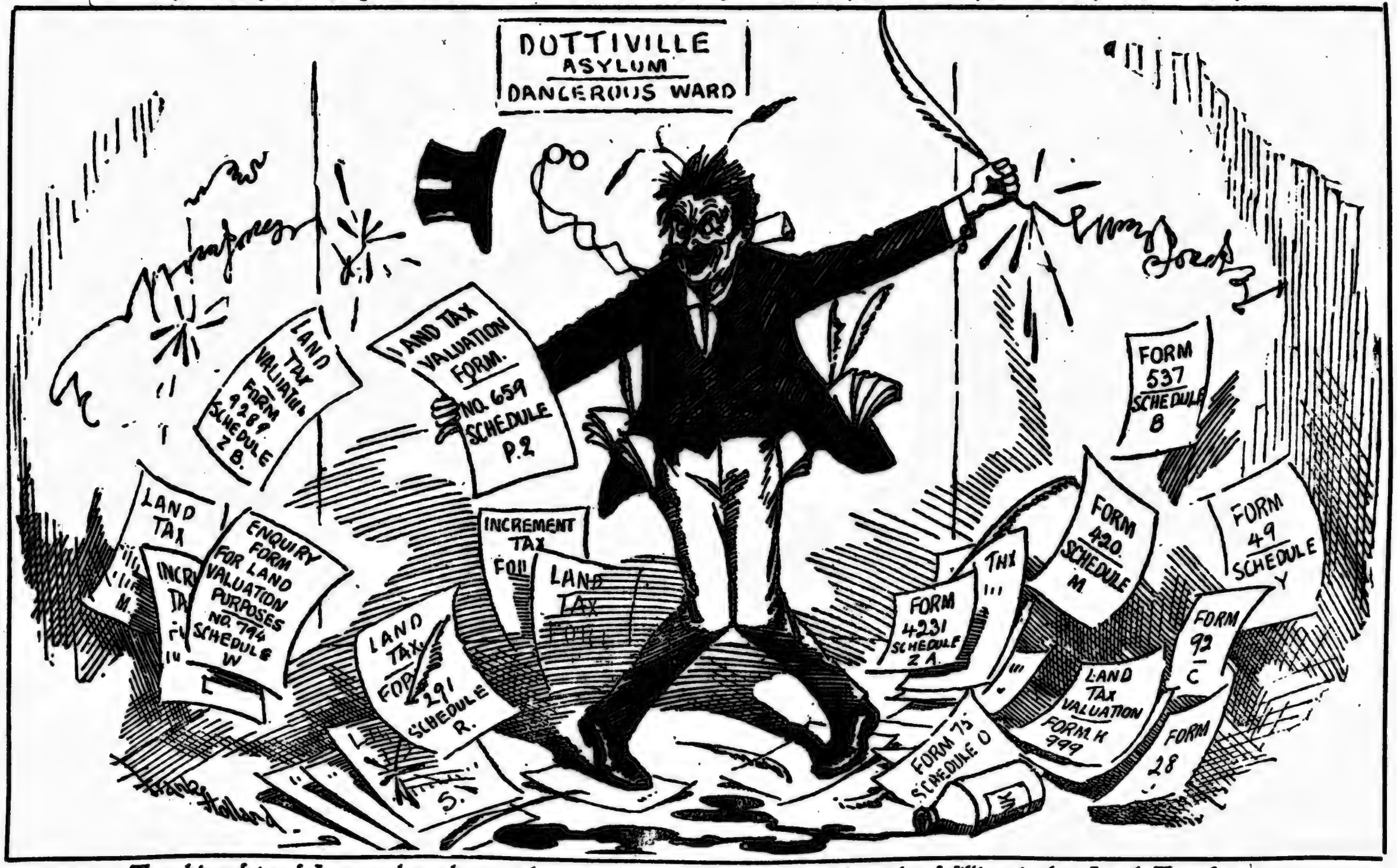
It is Zam-beastly—isn't it? Bull.

Gotch, United States.

Why not take next boat witness our match on tenth and challenge winner? People are talking. Bull.

"FORMS" OF INSANITY.

(Much complaint is being made at the enormous number and the complicated nature of the Land Tax forms issued by the Government.)


DUTTIVILLE
ASYLUM
DANGEROUS WARD
LAND TAX VALUATION FORM. FORM 1289 SCHEDULE 2B.
LAND TAX VALUATION FORM. NO. 659 SCHEDULE P.2
LAND TAX
ENQUIRY FORM FOR LAND VALUATION PURPOSES NO. 794 SCHEDULE W
INCREMENT TAX FOR
LAND TAX FORM 291 SCHEDULE R.
FORM 537 SCHEDULE B
FORM 420 SCHEDULE M
FORM 49 SCHEDULE Y
FORM 4231 SCHEDULE Z A.
FORM 92 C
LAND TAX VALUATION FORM K 999
FORM 75 SCHEDULE O
FORM 28

Touching fate of Jones who, alone and unaided, undertook the terrible task of filling in his Land Tax forms

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

HOLIDAY MARKETS—SOUTH AFRICAN MINES TEMPORARILY EASIER—THE GREAT NEW RHODESIAN TRUST EXPECTED THIS WEEK—RELAPSE IN RUBBER ON THE MALACCA DISAPPOINTMENT—YANKEES AND COPPERS REACT—MAIKOP OIL SHARES TO THE FRONT—AN ACTIVE SEPTEMBER STILL PREDICTED.

The holiday season is at its height, and last week ended somewhat tamely in the Mining market, owing to some realisations for Continental account, and by professionals, who did not like to go away over the Stock Exchange holiday with too many shares open. The temporary set-back in Kaffirs and Rhodesians, however, should be recovered this week, especially if the great Rhodesian Gold Mining Trust, to which reference has already been made, is floated. It is understood that preparations are nearly complete. Jungle Mines are also marking time, and Copper Mines have had another reaction, although the news from Wall Street is to the effect that strenuous efforts are being made to bring about a restriction of the output. The Yankee market, after a spell of strength, has indulged in one of the usual set-backs again. The most awkward feature was the publication of a very disappointing Malacca Rubber report, from which only one conclusion can be drawn, viz., that the trees had been overtapped. It is, however, quite another thing to jump to the conclusion that all the other Malay Plantations had been overtapped, and the relapse in Rubbers is not likely to go very far. Oil shares, on the other hand, have better prospects, and Maikop Oilfields more especially deserve the attention of investors, as, barring accidents, a good deal of money will be made in that direction when production is in full swing. Home Rails are slightly better than they have been, but this is merely due to a few investment purchases, as no one cares to speculate in them, notwithstanding their excellent yield. Canadian Pacifics, after passing the 200 mark are easier again, in sympathy with the Yankee market, but they are bound to have a fresh advance. On the other hand, I think Grand Trunks are high enough. Foreign Rails have been somewhat easier, but on any further reaction Mexican Rails would be a good purchase. Gilt-edged stocks are still out of favour, and the view is, moreover, gaining ground that Egypt will require large sums of gold to move her crops, and that when these withdrawals are made, the Bank rate will go up. For all legitimate purposes, however, and also for reasonable speculation, money ought to be cheap and plentiful enough this autumn.

MALACCA REPORT TEMPORARILY SHAKES CONFIDENCE IN THE RUBBER MARKET—HAVE OTHER COMPANIES ALSO BEEN UNDULY FORCING PRODUCTION?

For some time past there has been an uneasy feeling in various quarters that many plantation rubber companies have been unduly forcing production, in order to take advantage of the high prices ruling for the article, and that the effects of such prodigal drafts upon the future would obviously be very unfavourable, if not disastrous. It must be admitted that the views of the cynics have received some justification from the directors' report of the *Malacca Rubber Plantations*, although it would be most unfair to assert that what has happened in the case of one particular company applies to all the others, without discrimination. The puzzle is, of course, how to discriminate between the estates which are managed on conservative lines and those which are, to put it as mildly as possible, being opened up only with an eye to the present. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that investors, both here and on the Continent, have had their confidence in the rubber share market shaken to some extent, but this may prove only a passing phase which will disappear when some more favourable development occurs. Meantime, I fail to see how Malacca shares are worth even their reduced price of less than 8, which still represents a premium of nearly 700 per cent. upon their face value of £1, as the distribution for the past year is no more than 10 per cent. upon the latter amount. Moreover, the directors' report hints at further capital necessities which may swallow up such profits as are likely to be obtained from the diminished output. The resumption of dividends, therefore, would appear to be somewhat far off in this case. In sympathy with the Malacca collapse, other leading shares have come down to a comparatively low level, and thus we have *Anglo-Malays* at 25s., *Linggis* at 54s., *Vallombrosa* at 44s., *Asiatics* at 13s., etc. Even *Consolidated Malays*, despite the interim dividend of 50 per cent. just declared, have not been able to hold their own, and are down to 28s. 6d., while *Seremban* have only been maintained at 5¼ by their interim distribution of 15 per cent. Apart from *Malaccas*, one of the weakest spots has been *Sagga*, which have only a very limited market at the best of times, and now stand no higher than 13½. *Highlands*, despite reported impending developments, have fallen below 6, and most of the other "heavy" shares have lost ground to a more or less substantial extent. The Malacca upset has, of course, put all other influences in the shade for the time being, but to those who look further ahead, the statistical position of rubber itself offers an interesting study. The American imports of the material during the year ended June 30, 1910, show an increase in value upon the previous year of no less than 40 million dols. Yet stocks in America are almost at vanishing point, while the automobile and other trades in which rubber is required in large quantities are still only in their infancy. The moral of this is that when American producers are compelled to abandon their present hand-to-mouth policy they will have to buy in large volume, with a corresponding effect upon values. It is alleged that London speculators are in control of the world's supply of rubber, a good deal of which was bought at a much higher level than the present, and they are considered to be strong enough to hold the same until necessity compels manufacturers to take such stocks off their hands at remunerative prices.

AN OUTSIDE BROKER'S RUBBER SHARE TIP.

Several of my readers have forwarded to me circulars issued by the Industrial Development Corporation, of Thanet House, 231, Strand, London, containing an extravagant puff of the *Lami River Rubber, Cocoa and Banana Plantations*. They describe this as a magnificent investment, and state that they have secured 5,000 shares, which they are prepared to sell in one lot at £850, and "When these are sold," so say the Industrial Development Corporation, "no more can be had." They are, however, not particular about selling the whole 5,000 shares in one lot, but are offering the same at 3s. 6d. a share, with the assertion that "all those purchasing shares from them must participate in dividends shortly to be declared, in respect of which £3,000 had been lodged at the bank." A further statement is made that "the average estimated dividend alone for the next eight years will amount to £250 per annum on the 5,000 shares." The capital is £50,000, and the plantation is situated in Fuga, Fiji. There is a great deal of the usual outside brokers' claptrap, such as "Mrs. Hetty Green (reputed to be worth £20,000,000), the richest woman in the world, says 'Invest in necessities. . . . Invest directly a boom is over. . . . Then you are able to buy cheaply, get the dividend, and sell dearly later on.'" What I should like to know is, why the Industrial Development Corporation are so very anxious to sell these 5,000 shares? Obviously they are not philanthropists, and as they say that "the price might be doubled or trebled in a few days, ten times the value in a month," why do they not keep the shares, and make the profit themselves, rather than take all this trouble to benefit complete strangers? I have ere this advised readers who have forwarded such extravagant puffs to me to commit them at once to the waste-paper basket, and I do so also with regard to this Lami Company. If anyone really wishes to invest in a sound rubber company, he should go to a good stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, and buy them from him, rather than acquire shares from the Industrial Development Corporation, or similar concerns. Having made every inquiry in the market, I have not been able to discover any quotation for these shares, so that purchasers would run the risk of being left stranded high and dry, not being able to sell them again.

SHELL FLUCTUATIONS DISREGARDED BY THE OIL SHARE MARKET—RISE IN SPIES—MAIKOPS TO THE FRONT: A LEAD FOR THIS GROUP.

That the recent drastic shake-out has done the Oil share market a world of good is evidenced by the manner in which it has withstood, and, indeed, disregarded, the sharp fluctuations in *Shell Transports*. These shares have, indeed, become a very dangerous counter, and have been down to as low as 89s., then recovered to 93s. 6d., and now stand at 92s. 6d. Rumours have gained ground of friction between this company, the allied *Royal Dutch* and the *Standard Oil Trust*, and that the latter in retaliation have lowered the price of petrol. Be this as it may, the ordinary speculative investor will find his wants much better suited in other sections of the market. Lobitos have lost some of their recent bloom, and now stand at 32s., but there has been a fresh rise in Spies to 23s. Burmahs are well held at 4 1-16, in anticipation of the annual mineral-oil contracts being placed with the Scottish companies at satisfactory prices. The Trinidad oil group has derived some support

from another encouraging cablegram from the Petroleum Options; while there has been an enquiry for Commonwealth Oil issues, on news from Melbourne that the Government is protecting the budding oil industry in the Commonwealth with substantial cash subsidies and with heavy protective import duties on kerosene, etc. I, however, wish to give a lead, more particularly, to the Maikop Oilfield, the news from which is distinctly encouraging, and has already affected some of the leading shares. In fact, there is no doubt that the impulse for an important advance in the Oil share market will come from the *Maikop Companies* whenever production is in progress on a large scale, and the pipe line is ready to carry the oil, in about a month or two. The Maikop Oilfield in fact is PROVED, and I have seen photographs recently taken of the fountain well of the *Black Sea Oilfields*, and of the reservoir of a very large capacity there, which is nearly full of oil, while it is still flowing in from a 2-in. pipe on the fountain well, so as to ease the pressure on the fountain cap, pending the completion of the pipe line. Mr. George Tweedy, one of the leading experts, gives a most encouraging report with regard to the outlook on the field, where 64 derricks have been or are being erected, and on the opening day of the pipe line there will be at least 60,000 tons ready for transmission. From inquiries which I have made, it is most important to select the Maikop Companies to invest in very carefully, as some are more than doubtful, but anyone buying Black Sea Oilfield Ordinary at about 1⅛ will do well, as this company is the first producing company on the field, and, by the way, it is not generally known that the Ordinary shares are really preferable to the Preferences, as they obtain 7 per cent. dividend after the Preference dividend of 7 per cent., while the Ordinary afterwards receive 3 per cent., and the Preference 2 per cent., of surplus profits. Another very cheap share is Maikop Valley Prefs., at about ½ discount. They are 7 per cent. participating Preference shares, and this, as well as the Black Sea Oilfields, has a great advantage over the other companies with regard to the royalty. London and Maikop Oil Corporation at par have been exceedingly well held, and these three, with Maikop Premier Oil Syndicate shares, which is moderately capitalised at £70,000, are the pick of the field. Another very promising company is the Anglo-Roumanian Petroleum Company, which, according to a statement just issued, have three old wells and two new wells working, while six more will be completeed either in October or soon after. The monthly production is increasing steadily. It was 651 tons in May, 790 tons in June, and 775 tons in July, and the manager in Roumania anticipates that this month the production will be 900 tons, and for September 1,500 tons. Mr. J. C. Williamson and Mr. George Tweedy, who visited the property last month, were very pleased with the same.

A WORD FOR CHARTEREDS.

In the course of a week or two there will be launched a huge Rhodesian Trust, with assets of no less than £3,000,000 sterling, and which is apparently destined to make history in the Rhodesian market. Such an organised scheme for the development of the vast mineral resources of Rhodesia cannot fail to have the most beneficial effect upon the enterprises already established in that country, and it is not surprising that Rhodesians are expected to be *the* market of the future. The British South Africa Company, of course, stands to benefit most by the impending important developments, for not only has it a finger in the pie of every mining company operating in its territory, but the splendid progress made with railway construction automatically increases the value of the land for agricultural and cattle-raising purposes, and will lead to a still greater demand for such land for settling purposes. Yet another important point is the remarkable increase in the earnings of the various Rhodesian railways, which should soon be earning profits in excess of their debenture interest requirements, so that the Chartered Company should not only be relieved of further liability in respect of debenture interest, but also at last derive some revenue from its investments in the railways. In fact, the systematic extension of the railway system will be still further accelerated when, not so far off now, access to Rhodesia and the Transvaal will be available from Lobito Bay viâ Katanga. The very high prices touched in the past by Chartered shares were probably not justified, but at anything under 2 they are an excellent lock-up. In 1902 the shares touched 4⅛, and with satisfactory market conditions they should gradually reach a much higher level than the present one, at any rate.

A CHAPTER ON PREMIUM BONDS.

To judge from the numerous enquiries which are again reaching me with regard to Continental Premium Bonds, the touts, chiefly hailing from Paris, are pestering the public again with circulars extolling this mode of investment, combined with speculation, as a sure road to wealth. As the claims for these *Premium Bonds* which are made by these circularisers are altogether too extravagant, it will be useful to state exactly the position. I do not object in principle to these bonds, although the introduction of the lottery in connection with the drawings makes them illegal in this country. Yet the system upon which they are based is being correctly carried out by various Governments and municipalities, and the rate of interest is reduced in some instances to a very low one, while the attraction is the chance of drawing prizes. Personally, I should prefer investing in securities which are not dependent upon such prizes for their popularity, but which yield higher and certain interest, but there is no accounting for taste, and there is apparently a fascination about the lotteries connected with these bonds, more especially for the small men. Unfortunately, the touts are in many instances doubtful persons, masquerading under high-sounding names of corporations, etc. It is their aim chiefly to get the public into bonds which give very small returns in interest, and which are almost entirely dependent upon the drawings. Many of these are, moreover, of uncertain value, and the touts charge prices for them which, in many instances, are far above market worth. In fact, there is a group of these firms in Paris which are notorious for charging, even for the better descriptions of premium bonds, much higher prices than those at which they can be obtained in the market—the market, of course, not being in London at all, but chiefly in Paris and Brussels. Some of the better-class premium bonds, for instance, are *Austrian Government Four per Cent. Bonds*, the year of final drawing of which is 1917, and the lowest repayment of which is 580 florins. The prices of these bonds of 500 florins each is £72 10s., but there is also a bond of 100 florins, giving 4 per cent. interest, with the same final year of drawing, and of which the present price is £20 2s. 6d. Again, the *City of Antwerp Bonds* of 100 francs, paying 2½ per cent. interest, are quoted £4 10s., the year of final drawing being 1977, and *City of Marseilles Four per Cent. Bonds* of 500 francs each, year of final drawing 1928, stand at £21 17s. 6d. *City of Amsterdam Three per Cent. Bonds* of 100 florins, year of final drawing 1942, are quoted £9 10s. 6d., and Grand Duchy of Baden Railway Bonds of 300 marks, 4 per cent. interest, year of final drawing 1917, stand at £25 10s. I have here mentioned a few of the better class of these bonds, but there is a long list of them, and there are a great many other more or less doubtful ones, or, at all events, highly speculative ones, as the interest is exceedingly small, and the drawings are more or less problematical. Obviously, it is most important that purchasers of these bonds should not pay more than the redemption value, as otherwise they are at once confronted with a loss of capital. I would also warn them not to go into any of the combinations of various bonds which are offered to them, as that is frequently done in order to cover up the additional amount put on the market price. Above all, it is obviously necessary to deal only with a respectable firm of foreign bankers in London, who will deal fairly with them, while at the same time making a small charge for keeping their clients well informed when the numbers of any of their bonds are drawn at any time.

THE DON PROPRIETARY MINES, LIMITED

I am glad to see that, as suggested in last week's issue, those in control of the Don Proprietary Mines, the shares in which have just been introduced on the Stock Exchange, have published the names of the directors, together with all the other necessary particulars of this new flotation. As already stated, the capital of the company is £75,000, in 75,000 shares of £1 each, all issued and fully paid, and the names of the directors in Rhodesia and of the London committee are fully set out, together with the name of the Secretary, Mr. D. A. Bamford, F.C.I.S., and the London Office, 4 and 6, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C. Matters Rhodesian will loom very largely in the near future, and it is fully expected that some very rich mines will be placed before investors. I gather from the particulars published that the Don Mine, which is in the neighbourhood of the Selukwe railway station, consists of five blocks, containing 47 claims, while other holdings of the company are the Peggy Mine, situate about 30 miles from the Insiza station, also embracing five blocks, say 50 claims, and the Scouts Mine, situated on the Gwelo Commonage, about 1½ miles, near Gwelo station, owning three blocks, say 27 claims. According to the report of Mr. Clement Dixon, a well-known Rhodesian consulting engineer, the three mines have been developed sufficiently to prove that they are valuable mining propositions. Considerable sums have been spent in development work, and two of the properties are already equipped, ready to work, so that prospects would appear very satisfactory.

AN EXPENSIVE FIBRE FLOTATION.

The directors of the Marine Fibres and Yarns, Limited, have just issued their report in connection with the statutory meeting, in which I observe a few points which would, indeed, characterise this as a very expensive flotation. The directors state that they have received £18,132 in respect of shares allotted, and that £11,214 6s. 3d. has been expended for preliminary expenses and underwriting. I can only find £6,000 preliminary expenses in the prospectus, and 3d. per share for broker's commission. Perhaps the directors will point out how the money is accounted for. The prospectus, by the way, puts the price of fibre at the lowest at 1½d. per lb., but one of the precious contracts entered into by the company provides delivery to a certain firm, if required, of 500 tons yearly, at 1½d., but subject to 33 1-3rd per cent. discount, while the company is open to pay 7½ per cent. commission to the same firm for an unlimited period for all fibre up to 2,000 tons sold to all purchasers in Yorkshire. I really should like to know where the benefit to the shareholders comes in. It is, perhaps, not surprising to learn that dissensions are rife amongst the Board, and the meeting to be held on the 19th inst. should, therefore, prove both interesting and instructive. In the meantime Mr. J. H. Kaye, J.P., one of the directors, has retired.

What have the other directors to say?

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

Chathams.—J. G. S.—You are evidently labouring under a delusion. No dividend has been declared on Chatham Ordinary, but only on Chatham First Preference stock, so that your whole argument falls to the ground. The Industrials mentioned are a good investment, but brokers are reluctant to take the trouble to deal in very small amounts. In many cases, it is advisable to keep your money in the P.O. Savings Bank.

£800 for Investment.—Susie.—You must understand that by placing money on deposit you can only get 1 or 1½ per cent. per annum, and it would be far more advantageous to invest the same in high-class securities, yielding from 3 to 3½ per cent. per annum. The following would be a good selection:—New Irish Lands Guaranteed 3 per cent. stock, issued at 92½, now 22½ paid, and quoted at 21½; London County 3 per cent. stock at 86½; Western Australian 3½ per cent., issued at 96⅝, now 61½ paid, and quoted at 61½; Cape of Good Hope Consolidated 3 per cent. stock at 87. If you wish it, I shall be pleased to put you in communication with a suitable firm of stockbrokers, who make a speciality of such investments.

Land Syndicate.—W. H. C.—This is quite a new concern, about which little or no information is available at present. Your best plan would be to act on the advice of a competent land surveyor, who will doubtless also be able to post you with regards to the effects of the new land taxation.

Fusion Welded Metals.—H. M. (Harringay).—This is such an obscure concern, that it does not even appear in the usual books of reference. Unless, therefore, you can procure any reliable information regarding its position and prospects, privately, I do not advise an investment.

Small Investments.—J. L.—Only very small sums. Why not go into sound securities? See reply to "Susie" above. Cheshires.—Midlander.—Only for very small sums. John Bull.—Only for small amounts; but why not put your money into sound securities, which you will find much more satisfactory in the long run? Yorkshireman (Thirsk).—Only for very small sums.

New Wheal Eliza.—E. W. J.—There is very little information available regarding this concern, and from every point of view investment in the more prominent mining sections would be preferable. Why not go into Kaffirs, Rhodesians, or Jungles, where, at any rate, you can have a good run for your money?

Application for Shares.—Ignorant.—If you have been allotted the shares, forfeiture of the deposit money will not save you from being called upon to pay the calls. That rests entirely with the directors of the company, who can institute legal proceedings, so that you can find yourself landed with such costs in addition. As a rule, brokers do not care to be troubled with less amounts than about £25.

Four per Cent. Security.—Alpha.—Great Central Railway 4 per Cent. Preference, at 99, would be a suitable security for your purpose. The firm in question will put you in the way of making the necessary transfer.

Randfontein.—Novice.—Yes, I am still in favour of a purchase of Randfontein. The commission should be about 6d. per share.

Industrial Debentures.—Brent.—The fact that these debentures are quoted at only about 70 shows that they are not an absolutely safe investment. You can do better elsewhere.

Small Mines.—Enquirer.—You can do better now in South Africans, including Rhodesians. For hints see my articles in this and recent issues.

Call Option.—Mug.—There is apparently nothing to come back to you, but you ought by now to know my views about dealing in this way.

Babus, Ulundis, Aeron.—(1) Hold these shares and pay up the calls. In any case, the directors could compel you to do so. (2) These Rhodesians are not amongst my particular favourites here, and you should take an early opportunity to sell.

Dairy Shares.—W.—The only dividend paid on these shares was 4 per cent. for 1897, while at December 31, 1908, there was a debit balance of £564; no later information available. There is no market for the shares, and I do not think much of the concern. In future, do not buy shares from outside brokers, who have their own axes to grind.

Boots "B" Preferred.—Dockyard.—A fair Industrial holding of the kind, but obviously not gilt-edged.

Premium Bonds, Etc.—Soucieux.—What you require has been forwarded in your envelope. This firm will give you the required information for a small fee. Jupiter.—The same reply as to "Scucieux." Brockenhurst.—I send what you require. I do not advise dealings with this Paris firm, who charge much higher prices than current market rates. White Heather.—The best thing you can do is to get into communication with the firm whose address I send by post. They will give you all the information sought. Tomaso.—You were ill-advised to buy these bonds through the firm in question. Most of these Paris people get their profits through charging much higher than market prices. Get delivery of the bonds as quickly as possible. H. A. J.—My opinion of this firm is not favourable, and I send you the address of a respectable firm of foreign bankers in London, through whom you can transact this business to much better advantage. Knowledge.—You are quite right to hesitate before committing yourself with this Paris firm, who charge much higher prices than ruling market rates. I send you the address of a suitable British firm. Plasmon.—The firm, whose address I send you, will give you all the information you require with regard to these bonds. I also forward the address of a suitable firm of stockbrokers, through whom you can make your purchases of rubber shares. J. W. McC.—The lottery is safe enough, but I cannot say the same with regard to the firm of touts in question. Moreover, such lotteries are illegal in this country, and the circulars ought really not to have been allowed to go through by the Post Office authorities.

Lottery Bonds.—Avon Swan.—I do not advise purchase of any Lottery bonds. These are illegal in this country, and if the intermediaries chose to stick to the prizes, if such are drawn, you have no remedy against them here. Water.—(1 to 4) See reply to "Avon Swan."—Why not buy Kaffirs or Rhodesians instead? (5) No. (6) Maikop shares would be preferable.

Outside Brokers.—W. H.—Instead of going into this intricate call option system, you would be far better advised to buy shares. I send what you require in your envelope. Lafayette.—Outside brokers of a doubtful type. Deal only with members of the Stock Exchange, such as the firm whose address I send you by post, at your request. E. Y.—No; deal only with members of the Stock Exchange. I send you the address of a suitable firm. Appa.—You are certainly entitled to your money back, but whether you will get it is another matter. If you sue them, they will probably plead the Gaming Act, and you will be throwing good money after bad. The occurrence should be a lesson to you not to go into such transactions again. Tempted (Cardiff).—I do not control the advertisement columns. The reasons for my attitude should be obvious to you, but you may be like those people who ask one's advice, and still intend to follow their own views.

Randfontein Central.—E. P. T.—(1) Belongs to the Robinson group, now producing, and expected to enter the dividend list early next year. The shares are £1 each, fully paid. The mine is located in the Western Rand district. The shares are quoted at 2⅝, and are amongst the most promising holdings in the Kaffir group. (2) Yes, Anglo-Malays are worth attention, especially on reactions. (3) Apply to Effingham Wilson, publishers, Royal Exchange, E.C., who make a speciality of such books.

Kintire Tea Estates.—Bentah.—Like most other similar concerns, this company is doing well, and it has also gone into rubber. The market in the shares, however, is a very restricted one, and dealings therein are therefore a matter of negotiation.

Bipsine.—Napoleon.—The company manufactures a digestive medium. It has not apparently achieved much success, as it has not paid a dividend since its establishment in October, 1909. There is no market for the shares, and I do not recommend a purchase.

Saldanhas, El Mayos, Etc.—Black.—(1) Saldanha Bay shares are still a good lock-up. I send what you require in your envelope. (2) El Mayos are still good to hold, but it is obvious that the high values in question could only be exceptional, and everything depends upon further developments in the mine. The delay in the issue of this report is doubtless due to a desire to carefully verify the figures. (3) Hold the various Kaffirs and Rhodesians, which, barring accidents, should be strongly on the upgrade during the autumn. (4) Highly speculative, though ultimately, no doubt, of good prospects. (5) I almost despair of Home Rails, unless investors come to the rescue. Certainly there is no market more worthy of their attention.

Oils.—S. M. O. W.—You are in an unpleasant quandary, and have only yourself to blame. If you have actually sold the shares at a loss you must pay the difference at the special settlement. If you cannot get the board or anybody else to take the shares off your hands, you have no option but to hold them. The concern does not rank amongst the first-rate Maikop companies, but is not without some promise. In future, do not launch out with borrowed money.

Building Society.—Watson.—I strongly advise you to invest only in one of the leading building societies, as you are so partial to this kind of investment. The Insurance Company in question is one of the leading concerns.

Rubber Shares.—Bulite.—My opinion is also unfavourable, but I do not see how you can avoid payment of the calls. Even forfeiture of the shares would not relieve you of the liability. Witch Hazel.—I do not think much of the rubber shares, Nos. 1 to 5, and instead of increasing your holdings of these, go into the sound shares on any temporary reaction—Anglo-Malay, Linggis, Valiombrosa, Straits Bertam, Asiatics, for instance. Nor am I well disposed to the Oil shares (6), which you should take an early opportunity to realise. Fluor Spar.—A fair low-priced rubber company, but not likely to pay a dividend this year at any rate. Instead of averaging in these, buy some of leading dividend-payers, and thus minimise the average risk as much as possible.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

First Dutch Insurance Company.—J. T. (Stepney).—Upon your own statement the company seem to have treated you with much indulgence, and we certainly do not think you can recover the payments you actually made. H. D. F. (Stoke Newington).—The answer is in the affirmative.

New York Life Insurance Company.—H. M. (Edinburgh).—There is no reason why you should retire from the company on the score of safety.

Insurance Against Loss.—Pekoe (Leeds).—It is possible that Lloyd's would do the business for you. We do not know any insurance company of the ordinary sort that would entertain it.

Endowment Policies.—Esron (Glasgow).—You must send us full particulars if we are to answer your question.

National and Co-Operative Association.—Mac (Milford Haven).—We do not recommend it.

Law Accident Insurance Society.—L. C. (Lee).—Yes, it has been connected with the society you name very closely.

Two Insurance Investments.—Per Ardua (Winchester Street).—If you can sell your holdings without much loss we should advise you to do so. Both companies have considerable difficulties to overcome before they can be said to have reached a sound position.

Britannic Insurance Company.—Music (Exmouth).—Yes, quite.

Law Car and General Insurance Company.—T. K. (Tilbury Docks).—(1) It is doubtful. (2) We should be inclined to do so. (3) We do not think so. Tongue (Bradford).—It is impossible for us to express an opinion as to the merits of the dispute between yourself and the company. W. S. (Todmorton).—You are right as to the quotation. We should sell if opportunity offers.

Omnium Insurance Company.—Doubtful (Worcester).—The answer is in the affirmative.

Safety of Company.—F. B. (Blackpool).—The company has not been established very long, but it has been energetically managed. We do not, however, think its financial position strong.

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We say clients can make profits through us and they do. Naturally we are proud of the fact stated above. The more clients we have the more money we pay away. You can make one more client, if you are not already one. All you have to do is to fill in and post the coupon below. We will then explain to you our

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One Client's Account.

Below we give the numbers and amounts of the cheques paid to this client within the last three months only. They are an unanswerable argument in proof of what we say that we can make money for you, and the logic of such results is irresistible. You are at liberty to inspect each one of the original cheques.

D. A. J's. Account.

Cheques.	£	s.	d.
22,751	136	0	0
22,658	86	5	0
22,614	184	5	0
22,600	127	10	0
22,553	65	0	0
22,499	105	0	0
22,471	148	12	6
22,422	62	10	0
22,379	95	0	0
22,336	208	15	0
22,277	240	0	0
22,129	220	10	0
22,062	97	10	0
22,023	118	15	0
21,944	65	6	0
21,814	63	0	0
21,547	61	3	3
25,508	62	0	0
21,455	130	0	0
21,297	129	19	0
21,242	123	2	6
21,149	69	10	0
	£2,599	13	3

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J.B. 27/8/10

NAME.....
(State Rev., Mr. Mrs., Miss, or Title).

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

.....
(Please write distinctly.)

DATE.....

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—CIV.

A PLEA FOR EMPLOYMENT.

Can any of our readers lend a hand to the man whose wife appeals in the letter that follows?

> Would you be kind enough to help me by publishing this letter in your "Human Document" column? My husband is an ex-soldier, and served in Crete, Egypt and South Africa, and was awarded 4 medals; he has a V.G. Army discharge, and a very good character up to date, but he cannot get regular work. For the past 6 years he has got a precarious living by working for a furniture remover, but the wages are very small and the work uncertain, and as we have three little ones, you may guess it is a terrible struggle at times to keep things going. He has tried time and again to get better work, but with no success. I should be so thankful if any of your readers could give him really regular work. He is 36 years of age, strong and willing, 5 ft. 7 ins. Do, please sir, publish this for me, so that we may, perhaps, stand a chance of a little better luck than we have had so far.

We have received on behalf of the writer of Human Document CII. the following moneys, which have been remitted:—A Catholic, 1s.; Natlos, 5s.; Asywould, 5s.; Miss J. K., 3s. 6d.; Tariff Reformer, 1s.; Deeply Sorry, 1s.; C. E., 2s. 6d.; D. V. 1s.; E. C. B., 2s. 6d.; Quenalk, 5s.; W. S., 5s.; A. S. P., 2s. 6d.; W. H. S., 2s. 6d.; Three Glam. Policemen, 3s.; Fifty-five, £1; A. H., 10s.; Filey, Leeds, 15s.; Mrs. A. P., 1s.; E. E. S., 2s.; General Labourer, 6d.; C. E., 1s.; Children's Charity Box, 1s.; K. and G., 1s.; One Who is Hard Up, 2s. 6d.; Desmond, 1s.; Terence, 1s.; H. D., 2s. 6d.; M. A. J., 4s.; Anonymous Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; M. S., 2s. 6d.; M. M. S. S., 5s.; An Irishman, 2s.; M. E. A., 2s.; P. O. F., 2s.; Sympathy, 20s.; also a parcel of clothing from Sympathiser, which has been forwarded.

We have received on behalf of writer of Human Document CIII. the following moneys, which have been remitted:—J. C., 2s. 6d.; S. E. B., 2s. 6d.; Wolverhampton, 2s.; C. H. R. T., 10s.; C. S. J., 5s.; Sympathiser, 10s.; Nemo, 4s.; H. M. V., 10s. 6d.; W. F. S., 10s.; A. C. D., 20s.

IN PRAISE OF WINSTON.

1.
Your case is clearly proven;
And much as I regret,
The course I have to follow;
A sure five years you'll get.

2.
Thus spoke the judge severely;
And Flashy Jim turned pale
At the thought of being landed
For a period in jail.

3.
But when he had arrived there;
Imagine his surprise
To find himself an honoured guest,
Instead of otherwise.

4.
There were concerts for his pleasure
And lectures for his brain.
He liked it so, he didn't want
To join the world again.

5.
And to his fellow boarders
He whispered "Say, no cod,
As Winston Churchill's fixed up things;
Who wouldn't be in quod?"

K. B.

Every Consumptive

should read a remarkable book recently published on the new "Sartolin" Antiseptic Treatment for Consumption and all Chest and Throat Affections. To further the fight against Consumption a distribution of free copies will be made until further notice. Early application is advised, as the supply of Free copies is limited. Address—

The Sartolin Co. (Dept. 7c), 20, High Holborn, London.

A SOUTHEND KILL-JOY.

SAVING OUR NECKS.

By W. J. R.

On a day in Bank Holiday week I was one in a train-load of holiday folk going to Southend. Considerably more than half of us were children, and all, young and old alike, bent on getting as much enjoyment as we could out of the few days, in some cases, and hours in others. As we passed the ticket-collector at our destination I noticed a man standing a little aside from that official. He had features which interested me; they were as stonily expressionless as a gargoyle. He gave one the impression that he had forgotten, or never knew, how to look pleasant, and that certainly he had never, even as a baby, caused his mother to smile. He looked, in short, a typical puritan kill-joy. He was busily engaged in giving out to all and sundry—men, women, and children—a small piece of paper. Curious to know what it was I took one, and found it was a text of Scripture selected evidently with the object of impressing on us the frightful consequences which would result if we dared to be too happy. Here it is:—

HE THAT
BEING OFTEN REPROVED,
HARDENETH HIS NECK, SHALL
SUDDENLY
BE DESTROYED, AND THAT
WITHOUT REMEDY.—Prov. xxix. 1.

What do you think of it? What, in your opinion, is the mental condition of a man who can persuade himself that he is doing good by distributing such stuff to a happy-faced lot of youngsters who are looking forward to a day's fun on the sands? Is he merely a lunatic, or is he actuated by a wicked love of making people miserable?

Surely, one would think, it should be enough for such folk to be "miserable sinners" themselves without trying to make others as stupidly wretched, but without exception they have an itch for poking their noses into other people's concerns. The great American, Wendell Phillips, said that the Puritan's hell would be a place where everyone was compelled to mind his own business, and the converse also appears to be true, for they seem to take a heavenly delight in robbing life of its joys, and reducing all around them to their own dismal, dull, dreary, drab level. They would make laughter a sin and happiness a criminal offence. True, they are not very numerous, but they make up for that by their activity for mischief; they have been the curse of the Liberal party all along the line, and have ruined many a good Government. The present Ministry narrowly escaped shipwreck at the last election, and almost entirely lost its splendid majority, through the irritating meddlesomeness of the legislation instigated by these kill-joys. We might truly say of them, in the words of the famous resolution of the House of Commons regarding the House of Lords, "They are useless and injurious, and ought to be abolished."

TAKE A HOLIDAY!

The sum of **£4 : 4 : 0** provides

7 Days' Tour to PARIS.

SECOND CLASS return ticket to PARIS; 6 days' good hotel accommodation; two carriage drives, omnibus transfer, free conveyance of 56 lbs. of baggage, and services of an Interpreter from London to Paris and local English speaking Lecturers.

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Wonderful Serum which will Cure any Organic Nervous or Blood Disorder and Restore Youthful Looks and Strength to the Aged.

Amazing phenomena resulting from the extraordinary activity of the serum discovered by Prof. Brown-Sequard, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P., are responsible for a number of new theories of organic life. It will be remembered that the discoverer of this serum was presented with the *Baly Medal* by the *London Royal College of Physicians*, and received honorary degrees from *Cambridge University*, the *University of Paris*, and *Harvard University of America*. The new fluid was first called "Spermine," but is rapidly becoming better known as Squarine, a name given to it in honour of Prof. Brown-Sequard. Daily reports from doctors and prominent scientists are announcing new developments in the manner of application and uses of Squarine, and startling evidence of its wonderful potency as a cure for various ailments is continually being recorded. The most obstinate chronic illness yielded to treatment with it, and when the cures given below were announced, after Prof. Brown-Sequard had made known the secret of his discovery to the PARIS BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY, they created a sensation in scientific circles.

Its scope as a curative agent was found so great as to be almost beyond belief. The famous French doctor, Prof. Goizet, declared Squarine to be "*a source of life more powerful than the interchange of blood or any other known remedy*," and leading medical men both in London and on the Continent say that it will revolutionise the present methods of treating many diseases.

Wonderful Cures.

Prof. G. von Hirsch (Physician-in-Ordinary to H.M. the Czar) quickly cured cases of *Anæmia* and *Neurasthenia* with it.

Dr. Mariett, of Vienna, cured *Diabetes* with Squarine.

Dr. Yazikoff cured a well-known Moscow Bishop (aged 84) of a long-standing case of *General Weakness* by the use of the Serum.

Professors Fremy and Susor, of St. Petersburg, were able to heal *sores* with the new curative marvel.

Prof. Eulenberg, of Vienna, cured *Incipient Paralysis* with it.

Prof. Richter, of Berlin, Prof. Goizet, of Paris, and Dr. Lavin, of St. Petersburg, reported Squarine to be a cure for *Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Scrofula, Gout, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Lung Inflammation, Diabetes, Locomotor-Ataxy, Lost Vitality, and Wasting Diseases* of any kind.

PROF. BROWN-SEQUARD, F.R.S., F.R.C.P. (Lond.), LL.D. (Cambridge), formerly head of Queen's-square Hospital, London, for Paralysis and Nervous Diseases, and Professor of Pathology of the University at Paris.

He discovered the wonderful Squarine Serum, which is now being used with amazing success in the treatment of various ailments.

Vital Element of Life. Nature and Action of the Serum.

According to leading physicians the nature of Squarine and its manner of action on the human organism in curing disease may be briefly summarised as follows:—

Within every animal body there exists a "power of disease resistance," the principle of "natural immunity"; this power resists the entrance of any disease into the body, and if it is of normal strength readily expels the disease even after it has gained entrance. In treating disease doctors are aided greatly by this principle of "natural immunity." The greatest scientists have hitherto always been baffled in their endeavours to discover the element or force which is the basis of this peculiar power. In his search for this element Prof. Brown-Sequard discovered that there exists in the blood infinitesimal quantities of a fluid which subsequently proved to be the *basis of the power of natural immunity from disease*. This fluid is the serum which has been named Squarine in his honour.

In curing disease the serum acts.

1. By evoking strenuous oxidation of any waste or impure matter collected within the tissues, and causing vigorous blood circulation, it expels foreign material from the system.

2. It arouses and supplies with energy the ganglionic nerves governing the stomachic region, thus insuring quick repair of the tissues, which are continually being demolished in the natural processes of the body.

3. It supports every nerve centre. Nerve power is quickly renewed when it is used.

4. The lungs, the liver, the kidneys, and all other organs function in precise and perfect order under its influence.

For the Aged and those Weak Naturally or from Overwork.

Squarine comes as a great restorative to the aged or those weak from overwork or illness. When feeling tired or worn out a small amount will immediately cause a return of energy and a revival of spirits.

At a meeting of the Tenth Congress of Medicine, held in Geneva, Dr. Doyen, the great French scientist, said: "Preservation of life through several centuries depends solely on man. By multiplying the white corpuscles in the blood (the phagocytes) we increase the co-efficient of vital resistance. This departure in therapeutics will soon come to the front." Part of the great power of Squarine arises from the fact that it increases the numbers of phagocytes with startling rapidity. It is the consensus of opinion that by using this serum occasionally the duration of life may be prolonged from ten to fifteen years. *A treatment with it will actually make the most careworn and depressed look and feel several years younger.*

Not a Temporary Stimulant, but a Permanent Cure.

Unlike drugs and other ordinary methods of treatment Squarine does not simply give temporary relief, but effects a permanent cure of the ailments for which it is used. In the words of Professor Goizet:—"*Squarine is a restorative of strength and not a stimulant. I am convinced that a new force has been discovered with which to fight disease, and certainly intend to confine myself to this method of treatment in the future.*"

Squarine is a cure for any ailment or weakness brought about by lack of nerve power or an accumulation of impurities in any part of the body.

Doctors have begun using it personally as well as in their general practice. Many members of the nobility are already using it on the advice of their physicians.

In order to place this wonderful serum within the reach of all a book containing full particulars of its actions, properties and uses will be given absolutely free to anyone calling or writing for it.

Self-Treatment Easy.

Everyone who is ill and every physician who wishes to keep in the advance file of his profession should obtain a copy of the Squarine Book. From cover to cover this book is filled with startling new matter of great practical value and interest alike to the ordinary reader, the student and the practitioner. It describes fully the great step in the progress of medical science which the advent of Squarine has made possible—a step equal to the advance of Electrical Science through the coming of wireless telegraphy, and equal to the recent great development in the Science of Aviation.

The Squarine Book tells how this epoch-marking discovery was made, gives details of Dr. Brown-Sequard's experiments to determine the powers of the new serum, and tells how, after learning its manner of action, he startled a gathering of the world's most famous men of thought by demonstrating its almost miraculous properties. It relates why the greatest of the world's physicians regard the discovery of Squarine as the most important physiological and therapeutic discovery since Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, and why they eagerly adopted Squarine as an entirely new force with which to combat disease and prolong life. It gives instances of cures effected which would be incredible but for the status of the great medical authorities who certify them.

Composition of the Serum Revealed.

Last, but not least, the free Squarine Book describes in detail the diseases for which this serum is an infallible remedy, reveals the secret of its composition, and tells how anyone may obtain Squarine and take the Squarine Serum treatment in the privacy of home.

Sufferers from any ailment who wish to enjoy again the superb power of that perfect health which is the companion of a flawless digestive system, pure and rich blood and a steady and powerful nervous organism, are especially invited to apply for this interesting and instructive book. In it will be found much valuable information which has never before been published—information which, if acted upon, will surely mean a restoration to health.

A copy will be sent gratis and post free to anyone. If you cannot call personally, write to-day for the Squarine Book. Simply send name and address (*please write distinctly*) to C. Richter and Co., Manufacturing Chemists, 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President—Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P.

Objects: To stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to create a robust and self-reliant Public Opinion; and to promote a Common Sense, Business Government for a Common Sense, Business People.

Branch Reports.

Manchester.—As will be seen by the announcement on the front page of this issue, a Public Meeting will be held on Monday next, the 29th inst., at the Hulme Town Hall, presided over by Councillor H. Ross Clyne, the Chairman of the Branch. The Meeting is being well advertised in the district and is sure to be a large one. Mr. E. J. Lindsell, who has left Manchester, has resigned his position as Local Secretary, and the whole of the duties now devolve upon Mr. F. Wardle, of 5, Woodland Road, Gorton, who is throwing himself energetically into the work.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Splendid reports reach us as to the progress of this Branch, the membership having doubled since the President's visit. This gratifying result is in no small measure due to the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. W. N. Rice. Regular monthly meetings at the Hotspur Hotel, Haymarket, are announced to take place during the autumn and winter, and a cycling club, confined to members of the Branch, is in course of formation. The first run will take place on September 11th, and it is hoped a large muster will turn out.

Leicester.—A meeting of members is being convened for Wednesday next, the 31st inst., at The Foresters' Institute, at 8 p.m., to elect a Committee and officers, and to formally inaugurate the Branch. At a preliminary meeting held on the 11th inst., Mr. Edward Pinder, of 6, Bakewell Street, Leicester, was elected Hon. Local Secretary, with Mr. W. B. Warden, Assistant Hon. Sec. Mr. V. Ewart Beard, of Coalville, who has hitherto done good work for the League in the Leicester district, has retired in favour of the above-named gentlemen.

Sheffield.—The Local Secretary reports that the membership is steadily increasing here, and Committee meetings are held monthly to deal with matters requiring the attention of the League. Some comment has been caused by the enrolling as a member, of the Election Agent of one of the local Conservative M.P.'s. Perhaps he, too, is beginning to realise that the Party system is doomed. On the other hand, he may want to know what we are up to. Local readers of John Bull who have not yet joined the League, should carefully read the leaflet which will be found in a portion of this issue.

Brighton.—Here, too, the membership is rapidly growing, amongst the new members being several Councillors and Guardians. An active campaign is under consideration, and the Branch will take its place as one of the most influential in the country.

Portsmouth.—Prior to the commencement of a vigorous autumn programme the members of this Branch are organising a sea-trip round the Isle of Wight. It is hoped that as many as possible will avail themselves of this opportunity of making each other's acquaintance.

JOHN BULL COAL CLUB.

With the currency of this issue expires the Club's offer of coal to its members at the prices set out below. After that date a limited number of members will be accepted at a 1s. per ton advance over these prices:—

Principal Merchants' Lowest Summer Prices.	Per ton.	John Bull's Club's Fixed Prices.	Per ton.
Best Silkstone	24s.	Best Silkstone	23s.
Best Derby Brights ..	23s.	Best Derby Brights ..	22s.
Best House Nuts ..	22s.	Best House Nuts ..	21s.
Best Kitchen Cobbles	21s.	Best Kitchen Cobbles	20s.
Best Kitchen Nuts ..	20s.	Best Kitchen Nuts ..	19s.

Delivery made within radius of 8 miles from G.P.O. Orders outside this radius and up to 10 miles at actual increased cost of cartage.

It is of the utmost importance that all members who have not yet sent in their newsagent's certificates should do so at once. Members who have not acquainted the Manager with the quantities and qualities they are likely to use over the 12 months should immediately repair the omission.

The correspondence has been so heavy that we have been unable to answer everyone. All letters are being dealt with in rotation. Communications should be addressed to the Manager, John Bull Coal Club, 21 and 22, Walbrook, E.C. (London Wall, 6542)

FOR PUBLIC INFORMATION ONLY.

MEMORANDUM.

Don Proprietary Mines

LIMITED.

The following properties are owned by the Company, viz.:—
THE DON MINE, situated about 8 miles S.W. of Selukwe Railway Station, embracing five blocks, four of which are 1,500 ft. by 600 ft. each, and one 1,050 ft. by 600 ft., containing 47 claims.
THE PEGGY MINE, situated about 30 miles from the Insiza Station, and close to the Nelly and Claremont Mines, embracing five blocks, say, 50 claims, each 150 ft. by 600 ft.
THE SCOUTS MINE, situated on the Gwelo Commonage, about 1¼ miles from Gwelo Station, embracing three blocks, say, 27 claims.
The Company's total claim holding is thus 124 claims.
The properties have been examined and reported on by Mr. Clement Dixon, M.I.M.M., M.A.I.M.E., the well-known Rhodesian Consulting Engineer, and copies of his reports are annexed hereto.
Those reports deal very fully with the development work so far accomplished on the several properties, and the following points may be specially noted:—

DEVELOPMENT.

THE DON MINE.—Development work has been confined to Block No. 4,407, within the limits of which the reef has been proved on the line of strike over a distance of approximately 1,100 ft. In all probability the reef exists throughout the whole length of this block.
A systematic examination of the main shaft workings shows that there is considerable fluctuation of values, some of the assays showing extraordinarily high results. The condensed statement of values taken from the assay plans shows that high values have been consistently obtained over considerable stretches at all the important working points. All abnormally high assays have been reduced before being included in the assay averages.
The average of the payable ore in sight amounts to 31.84 dwts. per ton on an average width of 22 ins. of reef, equivalent to 19.5 dwts. over a stoping width of 36 ins.
In view of the satisfactory values obtained from the working faces as development has progressed, a 10-stamp mill, complete with cyanide and other necessary equipment, has been erected, and from a trial crushing of 600 tons in the month of May, 39s. 3d. per ton was recovered. Later on, in the month of July, 1,200 tons were crushed, and gave a recovery of about £2,600, equivalent to 43s. 4d. per ton. The costs amounted to roughly £1,000, or 16s. 8d. per ton, leaving a profit of approximately £1,600, or 26s. 8d. per ton. Even on this moderate basis and working under all the disadvantages that attach to the running of a new plant, and despite the fact that the clean-up must in the circumstances be incomplete, the above monthly profit made is equal to a return of 26 per cent. per annum on the capital of the Company.
The Consulting Engineer advises that an active policy of development be at once instituted in order that substantial reserves of milling ore may be created, and, in order that this policy may not be unduly interfered with, he advocates the temporary running of the mill 12 hours a day only, on which basis he estimates the profit at from £600 to £750 per month.
THE PEGGY MINE.—Development work upon this property has, similar to the Don, been practically confined to one block.
It is estimated that there are some 8,490 tons of ore disclosed, averaging 12.6 dwts. over 31½ ins. This tonnage is not completely developed, and therefore cannot be termed as actually "ore in sight."
Owing to the favourable values disclosed by the development, the erection of a complete 7-stamp milling and treatment installation was decided upon, and this equipment is now ready to run. The Consulting Engineer advises the completion of certain additional development work, calculated to put the mine ore reserves well ahead of the mill requirements, before this plant is put into operation.
THE SCOUTS MINE.—The extent of the ascertained length on the strike of the reef in this property is stated to be exceptional, whilst good values over payable widths have been proved to exist at various points throughout the whole of the claims. The extension of this reef, carrying very high assay values, has been disclosed over a distance of 1½ miles from the eastern boundary of the Scouts claims. These facts point to this property ultimately proving to be a very valuable one, and a vigorous policy of development is recommended by the Consulting Engineer. The intention is to first thoroughly develop this property and then float it off into a subsidiary Company.

GENERAL.

The expenditure on the Don has been £25,500, on the Peggy £15,500 and on the Scouts considerable sums have been spent on development work. With three properties showing in their development such excellent indicated of high value over considerable areas, as are indicated in the Engineer's report, and with two of them already equipped, ready to run, and with the gratifying evidence obtained from the results of a profitable trial crushing made as recently as July last on one of the properties, the outlook for this Company must be considered very promising.

FINANCIAL.

The Company has at the present moment over £20,000 cash at its disposal as working capital, which, in view of the fact that two of the mines are already fully equipped with reduction and cyanide plants, and that the Scouts will shortly be the subject of a subsidiary flotation, can be devoted chiefly to the prosecution of further development work.

The Capitalisation of the Company is:—
£75,000, in 75,000 Shares of £1 each, all issued, and fully paid.
The Board consists of:—

IN RHODESIA:—
SIR EDWIN DUNNING.
JOHN FERGUSON.
FRANK GEORGE DUNNING.
LONDON COMMITTEE:—
Col. ALGERNON G. A. DURAND, C.B., C.I.E.
THOMAS JAMES GIBB.
Dr. GEORGE CLARENDON HAMILTON.
CONSULTING ENGINEER:—
CLEMENT DIXON, M.I.M.M., M.A.I.M.E.
SECRETARIES AND OFFICES:—
Head Office—Gwelo, Rhodesia. Secretary, F. OATES.
London Office—4 and 6, Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.
Secretary—D. A. BAMFORD, F.C.I.S.

A MODERN MIRACLE!

- The Deaf to Hear -

THE STOLZ ELECTROPHONE,

a new pocket telephone for the deaf, is a remarkably clever electrical invention conceived by a stroke of genius and improved from time to time after exhaustive scientific experiments Briefly, it is an artificial ear, and enables the deaf to hear with clearness and precision sounds that without its aid would be utterly lost to them. Better still, its regular use actually IMPROVES THE NATURAL HEARING by setting up a species of electrical massage that acts upon the ear drum and the interior parts of the aural system and stimulates the organ into renewed life and activity. Nor does the use of the "Stolz" disfigure the wearer, for it is neat and unobtrusive, and no more conspicuous than eyeglasses. It entirely supersedes the old-fashioned ear-trumpet and similar cumbersome appliances.

Electrophone in use. Less conspicuous than eyeglasses.

A NEW WORLD IS OPENED UP.

Attendances at the Theatre, the Concert Room, the Lecture Hall, and all public assemblies, become delights instead of penances. Increased efficiency in business and the enhancement of social pleasures are the certain rewards of those who use the "STOLZ."

The Stolz Electrophone is in daily use by thousands of people, all of whom testify that it makes them hear clearly and distinctly.

The London General Manager of one of the largest insurance offices in the world says: "It is, in my opinion, the best aid for deaf people which has so far been invented."

IT IMPROVES THE NATURAL HEARING. Give the Stolz Electrophone a trial. Send to any of the addresses given for full particulars of this scientific and practical invention and put its remarkable merits to a personal test.

At the theatre.

At the table

FREE TRIAL. All who can call are cordially invited to do so. The merits of the instrument will be demonstrated to every enquirer without importunity to purchase. If you cannot call, write for further particulars to either of the addresses given below. A fully descriptive booklet will be sent post free.

A Fifteen Days' Trial in one's own home can be arranged.

LONDON: THE STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO. (London), Ltd.,

Head Office: BYRON HOUSE, 85, FLEET STREET, E.C.

West End Office: 199, PICCADILLY.

Branches—

PARIS—15, Rue de Trevise.
MANCHESTER — Parr's Bank Building, York Street.
BIRMINGHAM—Central House, 75, New Street.
BELFAST — Rankin Bros., 17, Royal Avenue.
GLASGOW — Gordon Chambers, 90, Mitchell Street.
HULL—39, Savile Street.
LEEDS—12, Otley Road, Headingley.
BRISTOL AGENT—Dunscombe's Limited, 5, St. Augustine's Parade.
SHEFFIELD—W. J. Ramsbottom, Ltd., 38, Upper St. Philip's Road.

EX-ARMY MEN AND SINGER'S SEWING MACHINE CO.

NO SOLDIERS NEED APPLY.

Several ex-army men complain with reference to the action of the Singer Sewing Machine Co. Recently an advertisement appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* for two smart men as Collectors, on salary and commission.

To quote a typical letter: "I answered the advertisement and was kept waiting outside the shop for about 15 minutes. Eventually I was called inside and shown the printed rules and agreements I had to sign. I then said I could only give one employer's name, as I had not long left the Army. I was at once told, 'We do not employ ex-soldiers.' I left the Army with the rank of sergeant, and a very good character and testimonial, and I am in receipt of a pension for life. I am 39 years of age, 5 ft. 11½ in. high; smart, active, and not afraid of work. If this is the way ex-soldiers are going to be treated after serving their King and Country and fighting all through the Boer War, what is to become of an ex-soldier?"

RED TAPE *v.* NATURE.

AT THE POST OFFICE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

Complaints reach us from the Central Exchange of the Post Office Telephone Department. Some of the operators work from 8 a.m. till 4.30 p.m., with a short period for lunch at 12 o'clock. Should it be necessary for the operators to ask for a casual relief between these hours, as it is quite natural that they should, they are as often as not refused, and every time an operator gets a casual relief, it is registered against her.

Here is an example: An operator went on duty at 8 a.m. and asked for a casual relief at 9.30 a.m. She was refused, and the female superintendent informed her that she would have to "regulate her habits, or see the medical officer." Consequently the girl had to remain in discomfort, if not in actual pain, until she was relieved, for lunch, at 12 o'clock. Had she persisted in her request, she would have been sent to the medical officer, and obliged to take medicine, and to submit to embarrassing questions. Perhaps Mr. Preston, the General Manager, will inquire into the matter.

"UNDATED LETTERS."

Several correspondents write stating that "H. H. W." is in error in stating that "the cancellation of a postage stamp by the Post Office is done by hand, and each letter is dealt with singly," the fact being, they say, that a machine which is capable of stamping at least 1,000 letters a minute has been in use for years. That there is some such device is, it is stated, evident, as by means of some mechanical apparatus only would it be possible to cancel stamps with the long parallel lines which may so generally be observed upon envelopes.

MISFITS.

British *v.* Foreign Shaving Soap

Superiority is not a matter for argument, but for test. By offering a Trial Sample of the "Erasmic" Shaving Stick for two penny stamps we have made it possible for every British buyer to prove for himself how much better "Erasmic" is than any other Shaving Soap—British or Foreign Money returned if not satisfied.

WHAT COULD BE FAIRER?

The Erasmic Co., Ltd. (Dept. K), Warrington, England.

Erasmic SHAVING STICK

BRITISH & BEST.

AS comfortable as a soft collar

—an exceptionally pleasing shape for Holiday wear. The shallow depths give freedom about the neck: the sweeping front takes a bow or knot tie equally well: and the tie slips easily on the band. You will not regret putting half-a-dozen of these collars in your kit bag.

Depths 1½in. 1¾in. and 2in.

Samples 6½d.

Quarter-size Summit SHAPE 35

SIX *for Three shillings.*

We pay postage in the United Kingdom, and readily refund your money if you do not like the collars.

¶ May we send you the illustrated Summit booklet?

AUSTIN REED *Ltd.*

Three CITY shops: 13 FENCHURCH ST. 5 St. Mary Axe and 157a Cheapside London

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"A Plaint for Protection."

Excuse me if, for once, I just break away from the *drama* and ventilate a few facts which, if not speedily remedied, may lead to *tragedy*.

I happen to live in a rather lonely square in the Bloomsbury district, and not many Sundays ago, while writing in my study, I was disturbed by the sound of an altercation between female and male voices. Hurrying from the room to find out the cause, I discovered a very ugly-looking customer gesticulating violently outside the kitchen windows with a thick stick. Bread and meat had been offered to him — these he had refused — what he demanded was *money*—and *money* he intended to get somehow.

Realising the situation, I fled for help to the telephone, but the number of the Hunter Street police station to which the side of the square I am in is *guarded (?)*, I discovered, did not appear in the book, neither was the Tottenham Court Road police station available, so I got through to the "The Metropolian Police Station," and, after stating the difficulty I was in, was told I should have to get into communication with Scotland Yard. All this time, mind you, the "gentleman" was using most threatening language, and no policeman came along to the rescue.

At Scotland Yard I was informed politely that they would put me through to Bow Street, and at Bow Street I was eventually connected with a private line to Hunter Street.

I instantly begged that an officer might be sent round, and this is the reply I received :—

"I'm very sorry, but I am alone in charge here and cannot leave. All our men are on duty in Trafalgar Square at the meeting to-day, but I'll send a superintendent along, directly one comes in, to take down particulars."

"But we may be murdered before help comes," I expostulated. "Can't help it; I dare not let the station remain empty," was the emphatic rejoinder.

A moment or so afterwards the angry barking of a dog relieved my anxiety, for I knew the tone and recognised that my faithful dumb animal had returned home and was chasing the mendicant to the rightabout.

This happened about four o'clock in the afternoon—at something past seven a "gallant man in blue" knocked at the front door and asked for details of the trouble. *I gave them to him!*

Drury Lane Drama.

"Shall we or shall we not not let go a *certain thousand pounds* per week, clear profit, which 'The Whip' is still cracking to the tune of, and produce our New Dreadnought Drama?" This is the ticklish question that is absorbing the attention of Arthur Collins and his two colleagues Cecil Raleigh and Harry Hamilton at the moment. The difficult position will have been discussed by now, and a conclusion arrived at, for a meeting is to take place Tuesday—at Romanos I should say—and the final word spoken. Every atom of scenery with its two great sensational effects is ready—the whole thing could be fit for presentation in fifteen days, therefore, if the usual October "drop" in business occurs and "The Whip" is still being played, up will go the bills announcing the Dreadnought Drama, if only for a run of eight weeks, before Boxing night, and then, of course, the melodrama would be revived again after Pantomime Season is over.

But it wants some nerve in these hard times to throw up a thousand golden sovereigns every Saturday night, doesn't it, so I prophesy that "The Whip" will continue its career, and its authors will take the "Referee's" advice of getting Mrs. Langtry to replace Nancy Price in the character of the heartless adventuress, as Miss Price is booked to appear at the Playhouse, and must abide by her contract.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sincere Reader.—Do you desire to go on to the stage in musical plays, comedy, melodrama, or what? You do not say. It is more a question of influence at the present moment. I know of no such reliable person as you require.

M. F.—This is not an age for poetry, and I fear the market price for same is very small. Send your verse to the periodicals you think suitable, and when sufficient are accepted, collect them and make into book form.

Jules.—Miss Millard begins her London season at the New Theatre on Wednesday, the 31st, with Rudolf Besier's adaptation of Pierre Berton's play called, in English, "The Crisis."

E. A. S.—Thanks for your offer, but I am afraid I have no time to "place" your work. It wants a good deal of altering in any case. There is too much talk and not enough action.

Thoughtful.—You can get the whole bunch from Samuel French, Ltd., 26, Southampton Street, Strand.

Have *you* yet booked your seat for our great wrestling match? If not, see the list of agents on page 319.

By Order of the Doctor!

LION BREWERY MILK-STOUT

HAS all the VIRTUES of FINEST BOTTLED STOUT, and EACH PINT is INCREASED in GOODNESS by the ENERGY VALUE of a GLASS of FRESH DAIRY MILK.

3/3 Per DOZEN PINTS.

MILK-STOUT is BREWED from the BEST MALT and HOPS with PURE SUGAR of MILK and is MORE NOURISHING and MORE DIGESTIBLE than ORDINARY STOUT.

An ENJOYABLE, REFRESHING DRINK for ALL. SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED by the MEDICAL PROFESSION for INVALIDS and NURSING MOTHERS.—ANTI-RHEUMATIC.

Sold by all Grocers, Wine Merchants and Stores. Write for name of nearest Agent to

LION BREWERY CO., Ltd., Lambeth, S.E.

BOTTLING AGENTS WANTED IN PRINCIPAL TOWNS OUTSIDE LONDON.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Our Greatest Lady.

The passing of Florence Nightingale does not come to us as a mere intimation of the death of a great heroine, thrilling as that is. At the present stage of women's history and struggles it comes with a momentous note of significance—I had almost said warning. Because here was a woman of talent and power; a linguist, a mathematician, a scientist, and a great administratrix: all these things, quite apart from the angel spirit of charity which made her career what it was. Yet there has rarely been a woman more sternly silent about herself, more innately modest, more ascetically reserved as regards her own aims or achievements. She was the despair of newspaper reporters, and the anathema of lion-hunters. Society could never get her to let herself be "run" on any pretext, and of the fussy officialism of feminine ability she was absolutely innocent. It is salutary to all of us to remember these things of a lady whose shoe-strings most of us are unworthy to loose: particularly in an age when we are either inordinately vain of our clothes and possessions, or fussing like fowls over schemes to push our asserted "rights" before a thoroughly bored public. The silence of Florence Nightingale—silence plus splendid work—lifts her like a star out of our social rabble. She did that most magnificent thing—she trained her mental and administrative powers to something far beyond those of a man, without losing her perfect feminine idealism and sweetness: very truly a model for to-day! The words of a quaint old Breviary hymn for a matron martyr occur to me in her connection:

"The dame in glory blest:
Who bore a hero's burning heart
Within a woman's breast."

Bedraggled Dandies.

Won't somebody beg the Simple Life Man to keep away from fashionable esplanades, lawns, bandstands, and church parades? This scare-crow, with unshaken effrontery, has this year left his lonely fastnesses of cliff and beach and moor, and has flung himself, unshaven and unshorn, into the very heart of the worldly throng on the seaside front, a sight for the gods. Around him and in front of him a kaleidoscopic vision of smartest Parisian dresses continually moves and glitters. Pretty women, dainty snowy clad girls, neat spick-and-span men, pass to and fro. Everybody, if only out of compliment to everybody else, is at least fresh and tidy, and the whole scene is one of gaiety and cheerful charm. Into the very centre of it all come the invading hordes of the proud professional vagabonds; they take the best chairs, lounge back in heaps, and proceed to eye the girls with a clear conviction that they are irresistible. One day this week I saw the worst specimen I have yet beheld, doing all this in a tramp's hat turned down all round, a ragged drab mackintosh (it was a blazing morning) with his once white flannel trousers and shoes so bedraggled and soaked by sea and mud that they had lost all trace of their original colour. This creature, confident and debonnaire, smoked its cigarette, tapped its stick, and saluted several smart and pretty girl acquaintances without a tremor: indeed conscious of the superiority, because of simplicity, of its life. A brisk turn over into the sea would have been far the best thing for it. It needed a wash badly. I am quite aware that it is a good thing to go back to the land, especially if you dislike razors and decency, but why, then, haunt the band-stand of a fashionable parade? I wish all the pretty girls I know would just politely *not* see these tramps whenever they meet them flaunting their slovenliness in smart places!

The Silvered Woman.

Talking of the simple life, I wonder if the cult of that is not one of the causes of the present craze for white or grey hair? Everybody knows that constant exposure to sun and wind bleaches, though it strengthens, the hair, and to-day the voice of universal admiration goes up in praise of the man or woman with a young or comparatively young face but a silvered head. I am constantly being asked by quite young women how to bleach their hair white, and I suppose most of my sex will admit the irresistibility of a white-haired man in the prime of life? It is my belief that before very long we shall take to *poudre* heads, and that fashion will revive something not unlike the eighteenth century style, both of the head-gear and dress. But to those women who have already a considerable amount of grey in their hair, yet not enough to give the due effect of picturesqueness, my advice is first to wash the hair about once in ten days in a solution of borax, and, if possible, to dry it in the sun. At all events to go about as often as possible in sun and wind wearing no hat. If, for evening dress, they wish to emphasize the grey effect, they should powder the hair with common powdered whitening, such as is used for cleaning silver. This clings to the hair far better than ordinary powder, and short of the regular preparation which necessitates a plentiful and rather horrible application of grease, is far the best amateur *poudre* one can use. Now that so much grey and silver is being worn for half-mourning, the fortunate woman who is pretty and grey-haired at one and the same time has tremendous opportunities to shine out as "distinguished."

The lightest Cakes, Pastry, Puddings, &c., are made by using

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.

the Best and Purest in the World.

Resolutely Refuse all Substitutes.

White Magic

is a term that might aptly be applied to the complete transformation effected by the Achille Serre process of scientific dry-cleaning. A suit is received shabby, spotted, greasy and creased. Within a week it is returned spotless, creaseless, looking almost new. All for a charge of 3/9. Write to-day for free booklet "Clothes and the Man."

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POPULAR BANKING FACILITIES.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS, 2½ per cent. interest.

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Branches and Agencies in Every County.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Is Keir Hardie suffering from "King's Evil"?

Oughtn't the Territorial Scheme to receive more "consideration"?

Does Sir Ernest Cassel think there is need to encourage poor Germans to come here?

Isn't Business Government what the Salvation Army needs?

Have they got a "carpet" at Brussels?

Will the "pieces of eight" in the syndicate of that name be also "Limited"?

Hasn't flying the Channel now an air-o'-plain sailing?

Should "Pierrots" be pronounced "Pier-rows"?

Wouldn't discontented taxi-drivers find "growlers" more suitable?

Was the first prize-winner in the Folkestone Beauty Show the only Darling there?

Do the Manchester compositors intend to "set up" for themselves?

Does Grahame White prefer carrying mails to females?

"Scarcity of shillings," reads a headline. We have noticed it.

For refusing to pay for a penny ride on a tramcar, a Harlesden man has been fined 10s. and costs. He calls it a fare swindle.

The Yarmouth curate who has some hay for sale is not the only member of his cloth who caters for donkeys.

A Salford man has made three attempts to commit suicide. He could not take life easily.

"Lawn tennis is a curious game," says a morning paper. Yes, you start with "love" and go to the "deuce."

A bioscope film which "will last for years" is advertised. Many of them *seem* to.

"Should Rosebery be starved?" asks a weekly journal. Personally, we fancy he is "fed up" just now.

"All the constellations are falling apart," says an astronomer. What has he been drinking?

"The A.B.C. of Commerce" has just been published. "The £ s. d. of Commerce" would have been better.

"You are a flat porter," said Counsel. "No," was the reply. "I am a porter at a flat." A sharp porter, in fact.

Sixteen Sunday card-players were fined at Exeter recently. They had a deal to pay for.

Pine Knot won a race at Haydock Park. Those who backed it didn't.

When a woman challenges another to fight it is a case of "coming up to the scratch."

In an assault case the other day, the couple had quarrelled over a pudding. It must have been a batter pudding.

A machine to write music has been invented. But most compositions are too mechanical already.

"Flirtation is hereditary in women," says Dr. Hall. Certainly it is a matter of descent.

The Parkhurst convict who got on the roof and threw slates at the officials, got a slating himself later.

"Angling for Mr. Churchill," reads a headline. But he is too clever to be caught.

"An enthusiast can only see one side of a question," says Mr. E. R. Yardley. And that is always the right side.

"Lord Kitchener Learns Golf," we read. But he made his first acquaintance with "bunkers" in the Soudan.

"No law has ever been perfectly obeyed," says Prof. Kelly Miller. Not even the mother-in-law—or the laws of grammar.

Experience is that which enables us to acquire wisdom after it is no longer of use.

Many men are too well versed in abstruse subjects not to be ignorant of the things that really matter.

That which patient science labours for a thousand years to prove immutable, intuition divines in the god-like inspiration of a moment.

How utterly insignificant a man appears when afar off. And how much more so when close at hand.

"A general strike of taxi-drivers would have a paralysing effect on London traffic," we are told. A kind of locomotor ataxia, in fact.

Besom won a race at Salisbury recently. A good horse to draw in a sweepstake.

The Archbishop of Canterbury says that this is an age of impatience. But the Church is slow enough.

An Oxford undergraduate won the King's Prize at Bisley. So there is something in an aim, after all.

The Willesden woman who stole a pair of boots outside a pawnshop and pledged them inside, now knows their real value.

The Inventors' Exhibition to be held at Olympia is a good idea. The man of patents rarely gets a show.

The Strengthening Effect of Electricity.

No other Treatment can Compare with it.

There are thousands of men going about the world mere pigmies of what they should be, broken down in health both mentally and physically, getting no enjoyment out of life. They do not live, they simply exist. The man who is weak is an absolute failure; he can accomplish nothing that is worth accomplishing. The man who is strong and robust, on the other hand, has the world before him; few things to him are impossible. He is eager for work, eager for pleasure; he derives pleasure from the merest details of life. He walks with his head erect, a springy step, he is stamped with that air of confidence which makes him a man.

What becomes of the weakling? He ekes out a mere existence, trampled upon by his more fortunate competitor, and sees the other derive enjoyment where to him there is nothing but misery. He suffers from Nervousness, Weak Back, Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Bowel and Bladder Troubles, Paralysis, Epilepsy, or many of the other human ills which result from lack of vital energy. There are thousands of such persons, every one of whom can be made big, strong and robust; can be made to enjoy their food, and derive full benefit from it; can be given permanent relief from their aches and pains; in short, can be made over.

The question arises, how? Some will say, "I have tried this and that. It did me no good; in fact, it made me worse." Quite so. Many medicines prove more harmful than beneficial in such cases. What the body requires is electricity; it is the motive force of the human machinery. Electricity develops and expands weakened tissue. It is life to the nerves and organs. It fortifies the system against weakness and disease. It drives out weakness by renewing vitality. Think of the condition that must follow when every nerve is tingling with newborn energy—when every organic function is obeying Nature's laws, making of the human structure a perfect mechanism.

There has long been a necessity of applying electricity to the body in a convenient and effective form. It was for this purpose that the "Ajax" Dry-cell Body Battery was invented. This wonderful battery is the outgrowth of scientific investigations and discoveries. It is simple to use, requires no charging, yet strong enough to illuminate a small incandescent lamp. Its record of remarkable cures stamps it as a human necessity. It is an entirely new treatment, yet one which has stood every severe test to which it has been subjected. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., the eminent electrical expert, has this to say of it: "I have, in the course of my experience with the 'Ajax' Body Battery, which has now extended over several weeks, tested its powers in various ways rather severely, and am bound to admit that the results have been eminently satisfactory throughout—and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations." Such statements as that carry conviction. The "Ajax" Battery has also been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit.

No argument can be as convincing as results. In this respect the "Ajax" Battery has no equal as a curative agent. Mr. T. Grisdale, Newton, near Penrith, has tested it. He says:—"After I had worn the battery for an hour each evening for a week or two I found a great benefit, and gradually the dizziness disappeared, my heart began to beat regularly, and I had no fear to fall asleep. Palpitation gone, the pain in my side abated, the dead feeling in my lower limbs was gradually driven downwards and out at my toes. My age is 70."

Another report comes from Mr. H. Gibbons, 56, Freehold Street, Fairfield, Liverpool. He tells of his cure of nervous breakdown in these words:—"The 'Ajax' Battery has made a permanent cure in me. I am sure that electricity is in harmony with the physical body."

The most interesting treatise ever published on this subject is free to all who write for it. It is a volume of 80 pages, nicely illustrated, based upon standard works and the views of eminent physicians whose authority cannot be doubted. Every person who feels that his health is not what it should be should write for it at once. A postcard or letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring you the book, postage prepaid.—Advt.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

J. S. (Middlesbrough).—Your boy looks "the goods" as "John Bull," and we can quite understand his securing all the prizes—but what's the matter with the dog?

E. T. (Ealing).—We will keep our eye on "Nurse Ellis," of Battersea. A transparent wrong 'un.

"FLEE HENCE" appreciates our other writers, but has been depressed by the silence of Mr. Crow. She wants Burnam Wood to come once more to Dunceinane. Is that the new Roosevelt spelling?

"SCOTSMAN" (Lagos).—If the comet was over here last January, we must have missed it. Why not invite Roosevelt out to Nigeria?

"CONSTANT READER" (Acton Vale) has a grievance against Howell and Co. (Gray's Inn Road), but alas! we are not a Court of Appeal.

G. W. (Thames Ditton) answered a partnership advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, and received a typewritten letter from James Weston, manager of the Collins Syndicate (28, Bishop's-road, Fulham). This gentleman wants a partner in a ready-money bookmaking business, and says the profits will be nearly £40 a week on an investment of £100. The notepaper gives a picture of "Members of Collins' Syndicate at Monte Carlo." We believe the Collins' Syndicate thrives by selling roulette systems to the unwary.

W. R. M. (Highbury).—£15 a year and unfurnished apartments do not sound a very generous reward for the services of the Steward of the Ashford (Middlesex) Club. We wonder how many applications they received for the post.

"NOZAZA" (Zululand) says that, owing to his bad writing, we represented him as enquiring about Leonard Boyne instead of Leonard Raine. We confess we have small patience with people who can't write clearly. It is bad enough to write at all.

OUR contemporary, the *Ironmonger*, following the example of a large number of correspondents, thinks we deserve one of our own biscuits for describing how a bolted door at one of the Rowton Houses was recently opened during the night by a master-key. If the editor of the *Ironmonger* cares to make an appointment, we shall be happy to show him how a key can be made to operate upon a bolt.

Messrs. VERNON & SONS take exception to the statement in our recent article on white bread, to the effect that the whole of such bread is made from bleached flour, and proceed to give us the name of a certain flour which they guarantee to be unbleached. We have passed their letter on to our Advertisement Manager.

C. A. S. (Cobham).—You forget we are a family paper.

W. H. M. tells us that the usual annual excursion of the Croydon Licensed Victuallers' Society has had to be abandoned this year, owing to the burdens of the Budget. What a hornet's nest Mr. Lloyd George has brought about himself, to be sure!

F. E. L. (Tottenham) protests against the appointment of a retired police inspector, in receipt of a substantial pension, to a good position in the Post Office. It does seem hard upon other candidates.

J. R. (Holborn).—Thanks for extract from the *Sydney Bulletin*, booming the John Bull League. Our bright contemporary is always up-to-date.

W. F. (Oxford).—If you see it in JOHN BULL, it *is* so!

R. J. H. (Rhyl).—The beach spouter you mention is evidently a brother of Evan, of that ilk. Poor chap!

G. C. S. (Kirkby) and many other readers are anxious to know where they can obtain practical tuition in wireless telegraphy. Don't all speak at once.

J. J. (Childs Hill) writes about the Gallery Picture Co. (14, Cheapside, E.C.): "Their are some more scourlers on the earhold game with poor people again, send them 3 shillings and four pence, and you will have a picture worth about a pot of fo'r ale. I sent in a pussle-what any child could do what I did see in a paper and this is what they sent me." Ware is the bored scool?

"TANDARANTU" (Benom) wants to impress upon us the necessity of "being firm and even harsh" upon native offenders. He says they need not steal fowls, as they always have plenty to eat. In his opinion, colonials are more competent to deal with natives than the "indignant gentleman in his comfortable office in London." He adds that he knows Dinusulu personally, and has never seen "a more drunken, dissolute, and bestial old brute." But even wicked persons ought to have a fair trial, and this applies to Senor Ferrer, whom our correspondent calls "a cur." Jim Crow raises his glass to Dinusulu.

J. M. (Harrow-on-Hill) complains of Craig, Craig & Co. (81, Dunlop Street, Glasgow), who are detaining a shilling he sent them towards an overcoat. Where can we buy a threepenny pair of boots?

Mrs. F. B. (Killarney) says the Viavi treatment is not intended for men. After explaining her reasons for advocating it in the case of women, she says: "Beecham's Pills may be worth a guinea a box to some folk, but I never tried them myself, having heard they were gripers to a near relative and I find the homely rhubarb pill all the medicine I require along with the daily exercise of my domestic duties, which save the expense of an extra servant. I am 66 years of age and can weed." So now we know all about it.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Shepherd's Bush).—Sorry we were not quick enough to stop your ordering encyclopedias from Howell & Co.

H. J. K. (Portsmouth) wants us to print a picture of the kill-joys at the Bournemouth Carnival. We are inviting them to attend the next Lord Mayor's Show. Meanwhile our wrestlers are ready to take them on.

C. J. P. (Newent) sent a stamp collection to Frederick Guthrie (83, Waterloo Street, Glasgow), who professes to have fortnightly sales, but has given no further sign of life.

H. B. (Dalston).—We imagine a chemist would usually do his best for a wounded man, but he might hesitate about tackling a serious case.

"WATCHMAN" (Dublin) sends us a horrible booklet, published by Jas. Duffy and Co., of Dublin, and written by the Rev. J. Furniss, entitled "The Sight of Hell," and being one of a series of "books for children and young persons." We shouldn't like a child of ours to see it. It is a hellish book, indeed.

H. J. B. (8, Woodford) complains of A. G. Sweetman (39, Cowper Road, Stoke Newington), who took 12s. and some photographs for enlargement, but sends only promises.

G. H. W. (Greenfield).—The "Hygiene Lamp," offered by Dr. Wilson's Patents Co. (149, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.), looks like the work of the "Magic Mouth Lamp" dental people, whom we frequently exposed a couple of years ago. Their methods were the same.

(Continued on page 342.)

THE IDEAL STRETCHER

(Patented).

A Trousers Stretcher is no longer a luxury, it is a necessity. No matter how much he spends on his clothes, no man can look tidy when his trousers bag at the knee. No matter how well-made the trousers are, they cannot keep their proper shape without some mechanical assistance. Until now, the cost and bulk of the ordinary trousers press has limited its use. To-day the "Ideal" Stretcher at 2/6 meets every difficulty of the situation.

POST PAID

2/6

It is effective, takes up no room, is adjustable by simple manipulation, and when fixed in the trousers at night gives them a perfect shape and appearance by the following morning, with the fronts of the legs nicely and not too heavily creased, and indeed having the appearance of a newly pressed garment.

Send 2/6 or a postcard for leaflet of this wonderful novelty to

CURZON BROS., THE GREAT TAILORING EXPERTS, 58E, 60, 62, City Road, London, E.C.

If it's in a Curzon Advt., it IS so.

HARRY APPLETON,

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

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THE KING

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Football Accountants.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH LEAGUES TO SELECT FROM.

Send 1d. Post Card for best terms on market.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS PAYS

The Largest & Straightest Firm in the World.

WHY SMOKING IS INJURIOUS.

It is known that Turkish Cigarettes are mostly made from tobacco blended with Suluk, which is impregnated with opium, and consequently the head and the throat suffer considerable irritation owing to this drug. An eminent firm now guarantee their Turkish Cigarettes to be entirely free from Suluk, and offers 100 of their "Fez" Cigarettes (equivalent in value to 4s.) for 2s. 6d. Arrangements have been made with all the leading tobacconists to stock this brand in boxes of 10, 20, 50, and 100, so as to meet the convenience of all.

The name of Messrs. Poulides and Co., 7, Goring Street, Bevis Marks, London, should be a guarantee of good faith, and an innovation of this kind should meet with unqualified success. A postal order for 2s. 6d. addressed direct to this firm will ensure the free despatch of 100 "Fez" Cigarettes by return, in the event of the local tobacconists being out of stock. [ADVT.

What is Your Number?

See Page iii. of Cover.

FOLLOW THE MARKETS
RUBBER, OIL, & MINES.

Exclusive Advice and Information.

When to Buy. When to Sell.

What to Buy. What to Sell.

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WEEKLY NEWS LETTER

NEVER MISS OPPORTUNITIES.

SPECIMEN COPY POST FREE.

To RICHARDS, JAY & CO., Ltd.,
Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free a specimen copy of the "Weekly News Letter."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B., 27/8/10 .....

Can Epilepsy or Fits be Cured?

EMINENT LONDON SPECIALIST'S PRONOUNCEMENT.

Remarkable public interest has been aroused by the extraordinary success which has attended the work of the great London specialist in epilepsy, Mr. Gilbert Dale, for independent authorities who have carefully investigated a series of extremely serious and pronounced cases, treated by him, in accordance with the methods he has adopted as the result of a life-long study of this lamentably prevalent disease, declare that the most phenomenally successful results are on record.

This treatment is totally unlike all others—inasmuch as he renounces all the old formulas, and is specially severe in his condemnation of the use of bromide of potassium, and other powerfully injurious drugs.

He deals with each case from an individual standpoint, and insists that as causes differ, so must the method of treatment coincide with the demands of each particular case.

There can be no denial of the fact that he has achieved really remarkable results, for the majority of the patients whom he has completely restored have been confirmed sufferers of the most intense type. To quote illustrative instances: A child had had as many as sixty or seventy fits in the twenty-four hours, and had practically lost the power of speech. Other leading specialists had been consulted without avail. After a few months' treatment by Mr. Gilbert Dale fits ceased entirely, and speech was restored; general health splendid.

Another case is that of a woman who had suffered over twenty years, but whose cure, at the hands of Mr. Gilbert Dale, has stood the test of over twelve years.

Small wonder, then, that those who hitherto despaired of cure are visiting Mr. Gilbert Dale's consulting rooms at 130, Parliament Chambers, Great Smith Street, Westminster, London, and that letters appealing for advice and encouragement are pouring in from all quarters of the kingdom.

There is apparently no reason why readers should suffer, or who have friends affected, shall lose hope, for if the results of the past are any criterion, it can truthfully be said that this great specialist holds out to them a bright promise for the future.

Mr. Gilbert Dale will send his latest brochure, entitled "Epilepsy: Its Causes, Symptoms, and its Cure" (published at 1s.), free to those interested in the subject. He sees sufferers by appointment either at the address given above, or at his West End consulting rooms, 31, Warwick Gardens, Kensington, London, W. It is usually necessary to write for an appointment. Patients unable to visit his consulting rooms are treated through the medium of the post, but a consultation is advisable.

Hunyadi János

Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures

CONSTIPATION

in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

The famous NATURAL Aperient Water

The "MASTA" for Pipe Lovers.

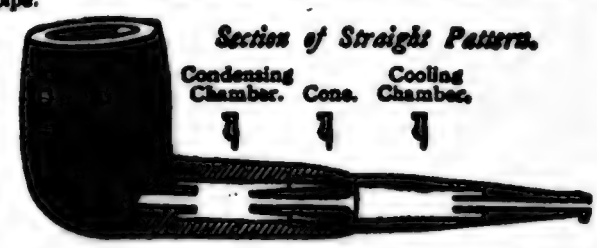
The "Masta" possesses a scientific but simple device which absolutely prevents any nicotine or moisture from reaching the mouth or pipe bowl. It ensures a cool and dry smoke to the end, and allows you to enjoy the full flavour of the tobacco.

There are no parts to get out of order, and the pipe can be easily cleaned. The "Masta" can be thoroughly enjoyed by those who cannot smoke an ordinary pipe.

Made of best selected briar.

Every pipe guaranteed.

Section of Straight Pattern.



Obtainable of all leading tobacconists. Price 2/6, 4/-, 5/6, 8/-, &c. Cheaper quality, 1/-. Write to-day for free booklet, "Points on Pipes." Full of useful hints.

MASTA PIPE CO. (Dept. 9) 153 FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

There is nothing else quite like JOSEPH GILLOTT'S "Improved J" Pen.

No other pen with quite the same softness of touch, flexibility and speedy action. The "Improved J" represents the best work of the leading pen makers—Joseph Gillott and Sons. On that recommendation alone you should try it.

SAMPLE BOX of Highest Quality assorted Pens sent post free for 6d. stamps. If difficulty in obtaining, pens will be forwarded post free by **6D.**

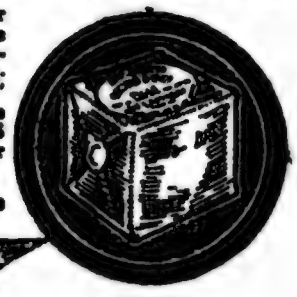
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
(Dept. 11), 37, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

Dr. SCOTT'S PILLS

FOR BILIOUS & LIVER COMPLAINTS

If You Neglect Your Liver

every part of your system must suffer because your blood is certain to become charged with impurities. Indigestion, depression, lack of energy, dizziness, sickness headaches, etc., are all "Liver signs." They can be cured only by restoring life and vigour to the liver. Dr. SCOTT'S PILLS do this quicker than any other remedy. A single dose will prove.



Sold in green packages by all Chemists
Prices, 1/1½ & 2/9.

C. H. C. (Sheffield).—We have frequently explained that, owing to default in payment of amounts due to backers, we refused the advertisement of William Farrer, of Glasgow and Amsterdam. The bankers named on his circulars have closed his account, owing, presumably, to various bills he gave in settlement of his sporting debts being dishonoured at maturity.

"De Uxto Otmers."—In view of the additional facts which have transpired since you saw the original paragraph relating to the case in question, we are holding over your postal order, and shall be glad to know whether you wish us to return it or to hand it to a "Human Document" case. If the latter, please state which one.

G. B. (Kennington Park).—None of the street-corner orators attacking the Salvation Army is in any way connected with this journal.

J. C. (Huddersfield) says that on July 27th there appeared in the *Daily Mail* a pathetic letter from a man who had been private secretary to a member of the peerage, but in consequence of dishonesty had fallen. "J. C." has written the man through the *Daily Mail*, but has had no reply. He therefore applies to us, with the hope that this paragraph may come to the man's notice, as in that case employment might possibly be found for him.

G. E. (Clapham) is dissatisfied regarding dealings he has had with the Goldsmiths' Emporium, 90 and 91, Fleet Street. Any other complaints?

"Rochdale Reader" tells us that at the local establishment of the Temperance Billiard Halls there are 18 tables. The manager there was getting 35s. a week, and being a widower with four children, had to resign because he could not live on that amount. Another man has now been engaged at a salary of 25s. a week, the assistant getting 16s. only. On such wages teetotalism is obviously compulsory.

I. M. J. (London, E.).—In all the circumstances, you should certainly not speculate.

L. B.—The Editor of *The Citizen*, of 63, Fleet Street, wishes us to make it quite clear that the "devilishly funny story" to which we recently referred was not published in his paper, but in a provincial organ of the same name.

"Bellite" (Westbourne Park) goes into ecstasies regarding the "Witching Waves" at the Japan-British Exhibition. Perhaps the fact that he won a race for a wager has something to do with his enthusiasm.

Apropos a recent complaint by E. A. Davies in connection with certain transactions he had had with one of our advertisers, Mr. Bert Fry, our attention has now been called to the report of some proceedings in which Davies pleaded guilty to a charge of conspiring to obtain money from Mr. Fry by false pretences. We are afraid that all punters are not as white as they paint themselves.

J. G. F. (Newcastle-on-Tyne) travelled in a railway carriage from Whitby to Newcastle, in which were "five or six old women about 60 years of age, clinging on to the straps. Three members of the Salvation Army sat reading *Christian Faith* and never attempted to give up their seats." No doubt, however, their minds were on higher things.

"Anxious" (Rothesay) is frequently molested by "hedge-creepers" when sitting in lonely spots with his sweetheart. He is a Territorial, and possesses a rifle and a couple of revolvers, and wishes to know "if the consequence would be serious if he frightened or seriously injured" one of these molesters? Not if his revolver went off accidentally!

F. B. F. (London).—We did not suggest any discreditable conduct on the part of Messrs. Scott in connection with the Taunton Dog Show. But we *do* think that hon. secretaries and promoters of shows should either refrain from exhibiting at their own functions or—as is sometimes done—form a canine club and schedule classes for members only.

E. J. D. (Tynemouth).—You must not always take newspaper scribes literally.

W. S. (Borough) sends us the accounts of the West Street Liberal and Radical Club, from which we gather that the "percentage on saleable refreshments" was 89¾. But perhaps it was cocoa!

"Another Bellite" tells us that he replied to an advertisement stating that money was to be made without risk with a capital of £2, and received a circular from Lennox and Co. (57, Leadenhall Street, E.C.) which, after the usual bucket-shop platitudes, invited him to participate in one of their "combined stock deals," the bait being that "we guarantee the capital invested in them against loss." Before hailing Lennox and Co. as the greatest philanthropists of the age, may we inquire who guarantees *them*?

"Reaper" (Battersea) writes us alleging bad pay for long hours of work at the Bon Marché, Brixton. We are afraid this is an old story.

"Quipper" wishes we would follow the "Nursing Homes" exposure with one of the conditions of employment of the assistants at tea shops and restaurants. *Mrs. Bull* will certainly have her eye on them, and may be trusted to speak her mind.

Mrs. J. B. (Leytonstone) complains that Mudie's will not circulate books they dislike. The remedy is in the hands of their customers.

Mrs. M. (Crouch Hill) wants to hear of a society where she can meet broad-minded people, sing, and find travelling companions. Why not begin with the John Bull League?

E. S. (Auchnashellach) writes: "I never expected Jim Crow to let off foozled steamgo about the Highlands. Whisky up here means punishment for sins, and I am trying to mend my ways. Oats I have seen in fields. Heaven spare me from the Caledonian kitchen. It is locked when a stranger steps on the nearest railway platform, and a new key must be made from the stranger's metal. The Yahoo yell, 'Bawbees,' is out of date now. It's Quidees and Pounders. Just you come up to Scotland and see us *all* in trousers. I mean Scotsmen, Jimmy. Don't jump at conclusions." But surely there is a poetic injunction: "Jump, Jim Crow."

"A Well-wisher" (Glasgow).—Yes, we were aware of the existence, the Jim Crow Rock at Kirn. Jim always receives a picture-postcard of it on his birthday, but he does not consider it a flattering likeness.

A. E. W. (Leeds).—"The Islanders" are evidently insular.

E. A. S. (Kingston, Jamaica) accuses our correspondent F. T. of "scurrilous libel," and says living is not high and the climate is never unhealthy. He wishes more rich Yankees came there. As he is an estate agent, he is perhaps biased.

"Observant" (Kensington).—We never imagined the birth rate of kittens was on the decline. Otherwise there would not be so many cheap rabbits.

H. T. (Dundee) wants to know the longest time the piano has ever been played. We will inquire at Bethlem Hospital.

H. W. P. (Southampton).—It is impossible for us to comment upon your private difficulties with your employer.

"Partnership" (N. Woolwich) asks whether any of the advertisements headed "Partnership" and offering instruction and a good income in return for £100 are genuine. We doubt it.

"Shatchlock" (Airdrie) says we do not devote sufficient attention to Scotland. But Jim Crow is saving up for his Glasgow return ticket.

A. F. S. complains of long hours as a shorthand-typist. She had better look out for another job. Jim Crow wants an amanuensis, and will owe £10 a week.

L. H. F. (Herne Hill).—We do not see any harm in allowing postmen to solicit Christmas boxes. They don't get too much money.

J. M. R. (Torquay).—We certainly thought the Russians were beaten by the Japs. But history is notoriously equivocal.

M. F. C. (Cairo) denies that the Egyptians are ripe for self-government. He had better go and eat coke with Wilfrid Blunt.

F. L. (Clapham Park) objects to a man being employed as chief fireman at £3 15s. a week, and at the same time drawing a pension of £1 weekly from the London Fire Brigade.

"Fairplay" (Belford) once tried to get up a trades union for solicitors' clerks, and still thinks it would prove a success. He will be glad to hear from any likely members with a view to holding a preliminary meeting.

"Llewellan" (Manchester) takes us to task for stating that the Prime Minister's salary is £5,000, whereas this belongs to the office of First Lord of the Treasury. But, at the present moment, that gentleman happens to be Prime Minister.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies, but we hope during the next few weeks to work off many arrears.)

WHERE TO SPEND A HOLIDAY.

All about the place!
All about the journey!!
The best way there!!!

Send postcard to the Enquiry Office, Euston Station, for copy of the "North Western News"—Brimful of delightful hints.

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The new waterproof washable linen glaze will give you a clean linen collar every day for six months at a cost of 1/-

Simply paint a coating of Lin-Gloss on an ordinary linen collar or cuff and you can then wear it for a month, and wash it daily with a cold water cloth. You get all the advantages of celluloid without its detestable appearance, and without its dangers. The appearance of the collar is not altered in the least. It is impossible to tell that Lin-Gloss has been used.

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Ask your Chemist, Oilman or Storekeeper for it, but if any difficulty is experienced, it will be sent post free on receipt of P.O. value one shilling, by

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Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood of every description. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, &c., &c. Furniture—Bedroom and General. All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home—saving middle profits. Full Price Lists Post Free. Estab. 1889.
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Calvert's
Carbolic Tooth Powder
In tins, 6d., 1/- & 1/6; sprinkler jars, 1/- nett. For Free sample send 1d. stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co. (J.B. Dept.), Manchester.

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RACING CAN BE MADE TO PAY!

There are some thousands of good sportsmen who have great difficulty in deciding whether their speculations on the turf can be made financially remunerative, and who are continually in doubt with regard to the selection of the most profitable advice. Those who have consistently followed "GALE'S SPECIAL" have no such dilemma, and the overwhelming success of the past few days has become a matter of absorbing interest to the racing world. The sensational success of Gale's Tattersall's Ring Wires has proved beyond all doubt that "Racing can be made to pay!" You desire racing success? This is your opportunity!

Mr. B. T. Gale, the doyen of Racing Advisers, with his 40 years experience of the turf, controls the wire department, and is the Editor-in-Chief of "THE SPECIAL THAT PAYS." He is regarded by a whole army of sportsmen as a magician among the prophets, and the spontaneous messages of congratulation that arrive by every post are in themselves sufficient proof of his consistency, his reliability, and his popularity.

During the past few weeks the following selections have been sent out on Tattersall's Ring Wires:—

July 8th	SHEDON SQUIRE, 5 to 4 agst	Won
July 9th	MACEDOINE, 100 to 15 agst	Won
July 12th	Nereidan	Third
July 13th	KIEL, 2 to 1 agst	Won
July 14th	ROMEO, 5 to 2 agst	Won
July 15th	LEMBERG, 5 to 4 agst	Won (Dead Heat)
July 16th	BLACKSTONE, 6 to 4 agst	Won
July 18th	SEATON DELAVAL, 7 to 4 agst	Won
July 19th	ASSAYER, 7 to 2 agst	Won
July 20th	LADY FRIVOLES FILLY, 6 to 5 agst	Won
July 21st	BUTTERY, 10 to 1 agst	Won
July 22nd	KILCARBERY, 4 to 1 agst	Won
July 23rd	ORPIMENT, 4 to 1 agst	Won
July 26th	Poor Boy, 10 to 1 agst	Second
July 27th	VELVET, 5 to 1 agst	Won
July 28th	Torchbearer, 9 to 4 agst	Second
July 29th	SIR KNIGHT, 6 to 1 agst	Won
July 30th	QUERCUS, 4 to 1 agst	Won
August 1st	Retrenchment	Lost
August 2nd	LOUVIGNY, 2 to 1 agst	Won
August 3rd	LAST CALL, 6 to 4 agst	Won
August 4th	WATERLEAF, 9 to 4 agst	Won
August 5th	THE MINT, 3 to 1 agst	Won
August 6th	17, 5 to 1 agst	Won
August 8th	Sweet Allison, 10 to 1 agst	Second
August 9th	BRAXFIELD, 3 to 1 agst	Won
August 10th	PRINCE PALATINE, 11 to 10 agst	Won
August 11th	SUNDER, 7 to 4 on	Won
August 12th	Buckhorse, 11 to 10 agst	Second
August 13th	COLONIAL, 7 to 2 agst	Won
August 14th	VISCOUNT, 6 to 1 agst	Won

What a record of consistency! What a monument of reliability! For this service of wires our usual charges are Twelve Guaranteed Winners for £10, but in order that we may secure new friends and new subscribers we have decided to make a special offer to readers of this paper. "JOHN BULL" has a circulation of more than half a million copies, and is probably read by a million sportsmen, amongst whom there must be many thousands of keen racing men who play the great game for profit. To each one of these mentioning "JOHN BULL" we will send

TWELVE WINNERS FOR FIVE POUNDS.	A SERIES of TWELVE GUARANTEED WINNERS for FIVE POUNDS.	TWELVE WINNERS FOR FIVE POUNDS.

By benefiting subscribers we benefit ourselves, as we rely for our popularity upon your recommendation to your sporting friends. Lose no time, as this offer is made for a short period only, and by remitting early you will assure a sensational long-priced winner for Saturday next.

Address all letters and remittances:—

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Telegraphic Address—"WINNERS, BIRMINGHAM."

Bankers:—The National Provincial Bank of England.

Re BARON GEORGE DE REUTER, deceased and LADY MOUAT deceased, and others.

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FURNITURE and EFFECTS,

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the complete equipment of four entire Mansions, any single article out of which may be selected at once and DELIVERED FREE, Town or Country, or Shipped for Abroad, or can REMAIN STORED FREE, PAYMENT WHEN GOODS REQUIRED. 27 COMPLETE BED ROOMS, comprising well-made solid oak inlaid mahogany, rich satinwood, real silver ash white enamelled and other bedroom suites complete to be sacrificed from £3 to 50 guineas, some having originally cost 300 guineas. Fine old English gent's robes and cheste from 35s. each. Full-size all brass bedsteads, as new, complete 37s. 6d. each, several with massive square rails and pillars. DINING-ROOM, LIBRARY, STUDY, and SMOKING-ROOM FURNITURE, comprise, among numerous other important items, choice Queen Anne design sideboard, 5ft. wide; Queen Anne design overmantel; splendid set of Queen Anne design chairs, comprising two carving chairs and six small ditto; Queen Anne oval extending dining table, the entire being in perfect preservation, and will be sold at the ridiculously low figure of £22 (worth over treble). Delightfully soft-sprung Chesterfield settee, £3 15s.; two lounge easy chairs to match at 30s. Very beautifully carved oak furniture, comprising large sideboard; overmantel to match; extending dining table; two majestic arm chairs and six small ditto, all to match. Any item may be had separately or the complete room will be sold for 17 guineas. REAL TURKEY CARPETS of very choice designs, and real Turkey rugs from 30s., scarcely soiled; also some REAL PERSIAN and FINE AUBUSSON CARPETS, antique pierced-front fenders, fine old GRANDFATHER and other CHIMING CLOCKS. MAGNIFICENT POCKET GRAND, and 3 fine upright pianos, 5 guineas, 12 guineas and 18 guineas, all by most eminent makers. Very magnificent silk curtains and draperies, an exceptionally well-made silk-covered suite, comprising a luxuriously upholstered Chesterfield settee, two large lounge easy chairs to match, with four spring-seated occasional chairs, £9 17s. 6d. the lot; lovely design cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, £5 15s.; two dainty centre occasional tables at 25s., and overmantel fitments, 37s. 6d. Venetian and other mirrors, valuable signed etchings on silk, costly carved and gilt Louis XV. settees, with fauteuils en suite, and occasional chairs, choice Bergier chairs with footstools; carved gilt tables and graduated screens, Vernis Martin, Boule, and tortoise-shell inlaid and other cabinets, commodes and escritoires. Choice canteens containing cutlery by Mappin and Webb, Sheffield plate, linen, etc. etc. Magnificent, nearly new, Decauville motor-car with all latest improvements, cost £820, sacrifice for 400 guineas, with all spare parts, accessories, etc.

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Catalogues (F) now ready, with full particulars free on application.

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is a humorous paraphrase of a popular proverb that has a deal of truth in it—but some people do not seem to value their hair until they see it "on the brush." If you want to keep your hair on your head you must take care of it, and you won't find an easier or more satisfactory way than this—just rub in a little JUNON Hair Tonic every day.

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Positively makes the hair grow, stops hair falling, and removes dandruff. Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; non-greasy for greasy hair. **1/- & 2/6** post free.

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This is the only permanent and satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the skin.

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I hereby certify that the JUNON Hair Tonic and the JUNON Hair Stains are absolutely free from injurious ingredients. They do not contain any substance of an inflammable or corrosive nature. JUNON Hair Tonic has undoubtedly a beneficial effect on the hair and hair-roots, and the JUNON Hair Stains produce permanent and highly-satisfactory results.

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Analytical and Consulting Chemist. *June, 1910.*

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

A Bad "Snap."

Who is it that has been given away so badly by the reproduction of photographs, to bring about the ban against the camera on race-courses?

"Claiming" Made Easy.

It used to be a regular rule in Belgian racing that horses entered in selling plates could be claimed before the race. This led to so much aggravation that such conditions have been done away with.

The Forthcoming Wrestle.

Of course all "John Bullites" are looking forward with avidity to September 10th, when, for the John Bull belt and purse, Gama, the famous Indian wrestler, meets Zbysco, the Russian. Gama very quickly beat Dr. Roller, as a sort of preliminary, and as it is claimed for him that he has never been beaten, and can do practically anything with the wrestlers of his native land (any of whom would beat our best men), there will assuredly be a rush to witness what must be the wrestling event of the age.

Medley.

What a vast difference there is between what we *see* of the running of races and what we *read*.

"Who will back a racehorse?" is the now regular cry of some of the loud-voiced bookies when touting for custom!

Prophetic.

The Harewood Handicap was bound to be much influenced by the Champion Sprint Handicap at Hurst Park, but Glasgerion and Foxcote look the pick of a useful troop. He has probably had too much of it of late, but the Great Yorkshire Stakes should fall to Willonyx, who ought to turn the Stockton tables upon Cardinal Beaufort. At Gatwick the August Handicap may go to one of the unlucky pair in Collegian and Limner, whilst assuming that there is the usual type of entry the Centaur F., if started, must have a chance for the Addiscombe Plate.

RESULTS

one minute from the "off."

Ashleigh Press Agency, Upper Priory, Birmingham.

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(Pari-Mutuel)

Established 1908.

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Globe, August 8, 1910.—"The Totalisator of Flushing, Holland, now in its third season, seems to have fulfilled the object for which it was inaugurated. While pools are open on every race throughout the season, its most attractive features are the double event and place pools on big handicaps. These often return colossal odds."

Some prices returned by the TOTE during week ending Aug. 13th.

NEEDLEPOINT 23/2; PAULHAN 7; DROSKI 10; MARBLE HAMPTON 9; JACKS GREEN 14; HALCYON 19; BLACK SEA 17/2; BUXOM GIRL 11; BEZANT 9/4; SEA KING 2.

Terms sent free on application by penny postcard.
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All wire patrons will receive this "DOUBLE" FREE.

LATEST RESULTS. BRAVO! This week's DOUBLE again WON. Patrons, kindly show copies to friends.

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Turf Accountant.

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RUFUS WEBB

TOTALISATOR,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

JUST A FEW RUFUS WEBB PRICES for week ending August 20: Jacks Green 22/1, Marco Hampton 55/2, The Spider 15/4, Aye Aye 54/1, Saucy Queen 18/1, Faithful, Don 18/2, Buxom Girl 12/1, Torch 17/1, Angels Path 18/1, Sea King 11/4.

Highest Sporting and Bankers' References.

WRITE TO DAY for Rules a Postcard will do.

Send a deposit to-day—Large or Small, it doesn't matter. But DO IT TO-DAY, it will pay you.

"JOHN BULL" says in Answer to Correspondent: "Rufus Webb Totalisator Co., Middelburg, Holland. (A. F., Highbury).—Our enquiries re above were highly satisfactory, otherwise the advertisement would not have appeared in our columns. If you win, your money is safe—in many cases considerably over official S.P. prices have been paid." Rufus Webb results are published daily in *The Sportsman, Manchester Sporting Chronicle, Sheffield Daily Telegraph, Leeds Mercury and principal provincial Newspapers.*

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and Principal Clubs.

FOOTBALL

and Turf Accountant.

JOHN BULL, May 14th, 1910, says:—

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Member of Tattersall's & Turf Guardian Society.
Acme House, Colchester. ESTABLISHED 1887.
Telegrams, "Acme, Colchester." Credit accounts opened on approved references

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(Copyright Method, Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

A REGULAR INCOME IS ASSURED

If you are anxious to make racing pay YOU MUST FOLLOW MY DAILY SYSTEM WIRES. Last Season the winnings from March 29th to November 27th averaged a

PROFIT OF OVER £10 DAILY.

These enormous profits were gained with the outlay of only £6 of capital, and after the first three weeks there was no further need to call on the capital whatever, for from the 15th April WE NEVER LOOKED BACK, but went on steadily increasing our winnings until the end of the flat season, when they totalled the magnificent sum of nearly TWO THOUSAND POUNDS. When you consider that never more than £6 of your own money was ever required to win this small fortune you will admit that I can safely claim to be

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I can honestly assure you that you cannot fail to make racing pay if you follow my advice consistently, and to show that I am prepared to back up my statements,

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each season, providing you follow my instructions, and should I fail

I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL,

without making any reductions for telegraphic expences. You must admit that this is a sporting offer and is convincing proof that I can do all I claim.

Owing to having to go to press so far in advance it is impossible to publish latest successes up to date, but I might mention that from 8th July to 2nd Aug. I sent all my clients 15 winners in 19 days as follows: LOUVIGNY, won 2 to 1; WESTDEAN, won 4 to 1; LAND LEAGUE, won 5 to 1; QUEEN'S JOURNAL, won 5 to 1; ORPIMENT, won 4 to 1; HACKLER'S BEAUTY, won 10 to 1; ORIGO, won 5 to 4; ASSAYER, won 7 to 2; SEATON DELAVAL, won 7 to 4; CELLINI, won 11 to 4; BORROW, won 10 to 1; ROMEO, won 5 to 2; PRINCE SAN, won 5 to 2; PRINCE OF SONG, won 4 to 1; LADY VISTA, won 6 to 4. One race only each day.

Send your name and address (which will be kept strictly private), together with the words "JOHN BULL" on a postcard, and I will then post you in PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE, 28-page copyright descriptive booklet containing full particulars, Press notices copies of testimonials, a COMPLETE LIST OF SELECTIONS for 1909, also 1910 successes. **Don't delay, but write or 'phone NOW to**

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The "MIRROR OF LIFE," Jan. 1st, says:

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Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " 6 " "
" 12 " " 7 " "
NOTICE MAY BE GIVEN AT TIME OF DEPOSITING.
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding, insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 40 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

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Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

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Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of March 5th and July 16th:—

JAMES CAMPBELL, 2, Back Christ Church Place, Preston, Lancs. No. 20,613. March 5th.

H. JOHNS, 104, Elliscombe Road, Old Charlton, Kent.—No. 501,492. July 16th.

MRS. H. R. ROGERS, Wolseley Villa, Nelson Road, Hereford.—No. 424,923. July 16th.

GEORGE J. BELL, 26, Elsdon Road, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—No. 112,088. July 16th.

H. SWINNERTON, The Beeches, Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent.—No. 223,764. July 16th.

W. TREVOR SAMUEL, Cain Villa, Hightown Road, Wrexham, North Wales.—No. 228,255. July 16th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 30th:—

3645	39373	100186	242398	400253
5051	50079	114377	253871	421051
5211	60880	123656	259332	431044
7639	61697	139278	275896	440547
8265	62966	144468	277521	452809
13734	77859	156386	323155	458836
24632	79797	186521	329999	468502
35054	80575	200975	346291	476565
35305	82081	229023	358574	519271
36865	97912	234745	377453	525721

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 24TH (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 22ND).

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For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.